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Pro-Slavery.

SOUTHERN VIEWS OF THE CHARACTER AND PROSPECTS OF ABOLITIONISM.

From The Charleston Mercury, April 9.

* * * But is the proposition tenable which asserts that the Abolition party is inherently weak—that it has no inherent force or power, either as a moral or political tenet?

The policy of under-estimating or despising the strength of our enemies, in politics as in war, has often produced national disasters the most fatal. The religion, the moral code of the Abolition party, are not our religion, our moral code; but they are not on that account the less a religion, a moral and political tenet to them. It is not wise to overlook the fact that all men pursue not the same method of thought, either on morals, religion, or politics. Different methods of thought (and no two tribes of the human race pursue the same) lead infallibly to different conclusions upon all these subjects. The history of man proves the fact that the benighted Pagan will pour out his blood in defence of his idols as freely and courageously as the Christian in defence of his sacred altars. The faith of the Abolitionists is false to us, but they may deem it truth to them. But whether it be so or not, *it is the same to us, for they act upon it as a belief; and it is their acts at last, and not their faith, with which we have to deal.* If their faith, their moral and political tenets, produce fanatical madness, and that faith and madness produce action that may be fatal to us, the inherent power and force of those tenets is not only a fact, but even a fearful one. That they are thus led on by a wild and unreasoning faith and fanaticism, is conclusive proof that the organization contains within itself the inherent force, the terrible energy of madness, that would gloss over the horrid scenes of blood and carnage as a delicious repast. In vain we urge the considerations of right reason and true religion upon their attention. When men cease to reason, to be rational beings, they become the beast of prey—the tiger in the jungle; and if they have sufficient method in their madness to augment their power, their inherent strength, by a union of their numbers, and to direct their strength to a common effort and aim, they become to the social and political organism what the whirlwind and the storm are to the physical world.

But quitting theory upon this grave question, I appeal to facts. And I point to the history of abolition, both in Europe and America, to prove, what I believe to be true, that *no party has arisen among mankind, during the last hundred years, which has given such indisputable evidence of inherent strength, or that has gained so many victories over its opponents—over the established orders of society and civilization, with or without resorting to the armies and navies of powerful States and Empires—as the Abolition party has done.* Let us, then, briefly survey the lines of its victorious march, the fields of its conquests.

When, less than a century ago, a few obscure individuals first met in conclave in London, to form a programme, to commence their intended assault upon the African slave trade, African slavery prevailed as a domestic organism, in very nearly every State in Christendom, and in the Isles of Asia, Europe, and America. The people of England alone had many millions of pounds sterling invested in that trade. The city of Bristol, situated near the confluence of the Severn with the Bristol Channel, was at that time, perhaps, the greatest slave mart in the world. The Atlantic ocean was literally whitened with the sails of the slave ships owned by the Bristol slave merchants; and so popular and profitable was this branch of European commerce, that even reigning princes granted peculiar privileges to commercial companies, cities and states, upon the stipulated condition that they should receive a share of the profits realized from the traffic. At this portentous epoch of the history of abolition, the American Abolitionists find a precedent for their guidance, which they are now adroitly putting in practice. The anti-Slave Trade Committee in London disclaimed all intention to abolish slavery, at any place where it existed within the limits of the British Empire. The abolition of the slave trade alone, they declared, was all they sought to accomplish. The Abolitionists were few in number, and had but little political or social influence in the realm of England. They were opposed and denounced by all the power and influence which many millions of invested capital could bring to bear against them. They were treated with contempt, and scorned by the great mass of the English people, as we have seen repeated in our times nearer home. But they did not falter—they pursued the even tenor of their way, endured with patience the reproaches which were unsparingly heaped upon their heads. They braved the storm of persecution which broke over them; and the more persecution and denunciation prevailed, the more their number and power increased. They sent missionaries to France in the most stormy period of the French revolution. The immortal Lafayette and his Marchioness, Mirabeau the elder, and other leaders of the revolution, adopted their abolition tenets, and promised concurrence in national action. They sent missionaries to the United States, and sowed the seeds which now promise a plentiful harvest of ills. The Ordinance of 1787 was the immediate effect of the mission to the United States. The United States has a *secret history* on this subject which has not yet been written.

If the record of the passage of that Ordinance be searched, it will be found that Mr. Madison was in the hall of Congress a short time *before*, and a short time *after* the vote on the passage of the Ordinance was taken, but his name is not recorded for or against it. The Ordinance itself had a somewhat mysterious origin. Even then, almost at the birth of the Republic, there was an inherent force at work, and exerting a mysterious power, the end of which is not yet.

They, the London Abolitionists, entered the British Parliament, first by petition, then by their representatives in the House of Commons. They, too, had a method in their madness. The powerful influence of British gold failed to arrest the career of these despised fanatics. The slave trade was at last abolished, the fleet of Bristol slave-ships were turned out of employment, and the armed surveillance of the British navy set to watch over them. They were devoted to other pursuits, or stranded upon the shore to rot; millions of capital was thrown out of investment, and invested in other forms. The property of the then flourishing city of Bristol, its commercial importance, its great social and industrial interests, were prostrated at a single blow, to rise no more. All Christendom, in the end, including the United States, united in a common league to put an end to the African trade.

But the London Committee were not content with the great victory they had gained against such fearful odds. The slave trade abolished, they boldly elevated the black flag of Abolition, and announced the intention to abolish the institution of slavery itself, wherever it existed in the British Empire, and thereby to free the British Crown from all responsibility on the subject of slavery. That is the source, the precedent, from which our Abolition party derives the idea, and the language in which they clothe it, of *divorcing* the Federal Government from slavery and "slave power."

In this second campaign of the English Abolitionists, they met with a stern and uncompromising resistance. The great interests of the British West Indies were at stake. Inch by inch the field was contested, and year after year the Abolition party gained ground upon their opponents.

The immense monetary power of the East India Company was enlisted on the side of abolition, as the result of a deeply laid and comprehensive scheme of commercial monopoly, which my limits will not permit me to discuss in detail. It is enough for my present purpose to say, that abolition again triumphed over all its opponents, by means of its "inherent force," the power, mysterious and undefinable though it be, which it exercises over the minds of men. "The truce of God" was agreed to in the Parliament, Lords and Commons, and slavery was abolished throughout the British Empire. In this vast wreck and ruin of the existing social system, slave property was not the only property that was involved in a common fate. The landed interests of the West India slaveowners, perhaps the most valuable property of that class in the world, was remanded back to the dominion of the desert, the jungle and the reptile, by the act of negro emancipation.

Thus, a single abolition victory demolished, at a single blow, without violence or bloodshed, without the aid of armies or navies, perhaps five hundred millions worth of the property of British subjects, and the semblance of justice was presented to the world, to justify the wrong of paying the owners, for the wholesale ruin, twenty millions of pounds sterling; which, if I err not, was paid by the East India Company of merchants.

Since that London Committee of Abolitionists first met in conclave, France, England, Portugal, all Europe has abolished slavery wherever it existed; with the qualification that Spain agreed with England, I believe, to abolish it in all her dominions, save her West India possessions, in a stipulated number of years, and for a stipulated sum of money. It has been abolished in seven of the old thirteen United States, over two-thirds of the Territorial Districts of the United States, where populous States are now running the career of nations, and including a vast country, rich in the elements which enter into the support and maintenance of human life, and capable of sustaining an empire of two hundred millions of souls. It has been abolished in Mexico, in all the South American States, except, I believe Brazil, and in many of the isles of the sea. In order to form a right conception of the victories which abolition has won over the organic structure of human society, let us look at the world-wide area of slavery when the London Committee first met, and then look at its circumscribed area now. It exists in the Southern States of this Union, in the Spanish West Indies, and in Brazil. But where else? Echo answers, where? It may, I think, be safely asserted, that *no military conqueror, who has disturbed the repose of the world, and scourged the nations of the earth with the rod of his power, has effected such vast changes upon the social and commercial interests and organism of society as abolition has already done;* and still, unclosed with its mighty victories, meeting "nor adversity nor defeat," insatiable as the grave, it pursues its steady course, unchecked in its march, confident of gaining still more important, more devastating triumphs. And, with these great historic feats before our eyes, and the steady tramp—tramp—of the Abolition forces sounding in our ears, and disturbing our midnight slumbers, we refuse to realize the truth, the perils of our condition, and persevere in ascribing to this mighty element of disruption and subjugation, this destroyer of civilizations and social structures, "inherent weakness." May a ruling Providence open our eyes to the truth before it be too late.

FUTURE RELATIONS OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT TO SLAVERY.

From The Charleston Mercury, April 12.

I have said we cannot overrate the importance to the South of a triumph in Kansas. But, with the most respectful deference to the Committee, I conclude that a Free Soil defeat in Kansas would neither prostrate abolition at home, nor "repel political ambition from its failing fortunes."

I have shown that abolition seeks to accomplish its destructive aims by the power of the Legislative and, ultimately, of the chief Executive authority of the Union. It has, therefore, not only, up to the present time, progressed by the exercise of the power of both the State and Federal Governments, but, that it may do much more than it has yet done, it seeks to obtain more entire control of all the departments of the Federal Government—Legislative, Executive and Judicial. Now, what are its chances to accomplish this great aim? Let us see. I have not a line of statistics before me to refer to, of any kind. The facts stated in these numbers are drawn from memory alone. I assume, then, what I believe, on reference to the record, will be found nearly true, that the census return of 1850 shows there are fifteen millions of white population in the Northern States, and seven millions of white population in the Southern States. African slaves have no political rights; but as, under the Constitution, a certain per centage of them enter into the basis of our representation, they add to the number of our representatives. Still, the view I intend to present cannot be rightfully based on any portion of the population of the United States save that class which constitute the great body politic of the Union—for these alone constitute the State.

Now, writers on political economy, as well as the history of the Union, concur in establishing the fact that a population that is well supplied with wholesome food will increase to double its numbers every twenty-five years—a little more or less. With these data before us, we may, without difficulty, ascertain an important fact in the future of the Union it will be. In twenty-five years from 1850, the North will have thirty millions of white population, and the South fourteen millions at the end of the same decade. At the end of the next decade, the North will have sixty millions, and the South twenty-eight. We may even include the Southern slaves in the calculation—and without adding a unit in favour of the North for the vast tide of foreign emigrants that increases their numbers every year, to which there is no set off in the South; and, at the end of the present decade, the white population of the North will outnumber the population of the South, including the Africans, to the extent of about ten millions of souls; at the end of the next decade to the number of twenty millions—even the balance against the South outnumbering the whole population of England, Scotland and Wales—which constitute the basis of the most powerful empire in the world. The North, doubtless, outnumbers us in population now, to the amount of perhaps seven millions of white population or more. We see their population already great, with an earnestness and energy never, perhaps, equalled, acting together, with an unprecedented animosity, to the one aim and design of sectionalizing their whole country against us upon the abolition question. They are shrewd calculators. They *know* the whole power of the Federal Government will soon fall into their hands, by the silent but sure operation of the laws of nature; and the idea and intention to outnumber and overwhelm us with their predominant millions enters as an element into the Free Soil movement, for they want the extended plains of the territorial districts of the United States, in which to aggregate their millions, by whose power they intend to blot out our civilization from the map of the world. The Union, the Federal Government are not the elements which are leading on the human race on this continent to its destiny. That race progresses by laws which lie deeper and exert a power more potent and irresistible. So far from controling and shaping the fortunes and destiny of the people of the Union, *the people of the Northern States alone will mould, shape and direct the Government as they please, and drive it before them like chaff before the storm.* Look now upon the picture I have drawn, and is it not plain as noon-day that the Federal Government of the Union *will be no more Southern forever?* A few weeks since, we saw a Speaker placed in the Chair in the House of Representatives without having received a single vote from the South. This is one phase, but more will follow that are more important still. Abolition will next grasp the Senate in its hand, then the Executive power, then the Judiciary; for abolition demands sectionalization, that, by the power of the Government, it may abolish slavery; political ambition demands sectionalization, for the sake of the millions which enter into, and go out of, the public treasury. Countless millions present and to come—passion—fanaticism—brutality—abolition—political ambition—sentiment—crazed if you will, but still sentiment—moral, religious and political tenets—all—all demand sectionalization, that the North may rule, pocket the spoils, and subjugate the South—FOR THIS IS THE NORTHERN METHOD OF THOUGHT.

If Kansas was engulfed by an earthquake, and struck out of the map of the Union, it would matter little to the North, for they have room and landed resources enough now for an empire such as the world itself has seldom seen; and its present and future present a field for the arts and impostures of political ambition more inviting and stimulating, far, than any other on the globe. If Kansas be subjected to Southern rule, there is Nebraska, already surrendered to the North without let or hindrance, which is far more than an equivalent.

The question simply is, whether the North shall take all the fruits of the Kansas Nebraska bill (which has been lauded as a great Southern triumph) or only a part? With the North, it is a question of gain, not of loss. If the North triumphs in Kansas, will our Southern National Democrats take back the songs they chanted in honour of their victory over the North upon the Kansas Nebraska bill? They like Washington better than Kansas, perhaps.

We should, as we love our dearest liberties, our hearthstones and domestic altars, delude ourselves with unfounded hopes no more. THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT—THE UNION—WILL PROTECT THE SOUTH FROM NORTHERN AGGRESSION NO MORE FOREVER.

NOBILITY OF THE BORDER RUFFIAN!

From The Richmond Enquirer.

THE "border ruffian," the farmer of the far South and West, is the noblest type of mankind. In his person is revived all the chivalry and generosity of the knights of the middle ages. He is equally noble, but far more useful. He is the pioneer of a high and honourable civilization. He is planting a master race—men like the Greeks and Romans—on a new soil; not buying up white men at the shambles, to remove them from slavery to capital in Boston, to make them, in a few generations, slaves to capital in Kansas.

In a few generations the process of subsidence and stratification of society takes place, and then, like the European peasants, one set of men become (worse than slaves) the mere hereditary bondsman of capital or property. A thousand men are killed by lightning where one English agricultural peasant rises above the condition of his ancestry. So, without slaves, will it be in Kansas. White men must clean the streets, work the roads, stand behind the chair of gentlemen at table, brush their clothes, black their boots, and hold their horses.

To this condition all free society soon comes. For these menial purposes, Boston capitalists send out free Americans to Kansas. Without white slaves to capital, their town lots and lands will be worth nothing. If they can send enough emigrants, however, labour will, by competition, in a few generations, become as cheap as in England, and the body of the emigrants be as well off as the peasantry of England. Then free labour will be far cheaper than negro slave labour. Then the hireling white man will get enough to feed and clothe his family in seed time and in harvest, and be cast off to perish in winter.

Free men of the North! Boston that grew fat on the African slave trade, Boston that is driving a neat little business in Chinese slaves, this Boston wishes to engage in a grander and more profitable business, by sending you to Kansas. Go there. But invite Southerners with their slaves, who have equal rights, to come also. Then the African will be the menial, which suits his nature, and you, however poor, a privileged and honoured class, like the ancient Greeks and Romans. To be a citizen of Kansas, will then be an honour and a distinction, as once it was to be a citizen of Rome.

If you love liberty, if you would be freemen rather than slaves, you will be sure to welcome Southerners with their slaves. If you are ambitious that your posterity shall fulfil menial offices, become the slaves of the heartless master, capital, wielded by the most heartless of men, a Yankee capitalist; if you will hug and kiss the chain that binds you, exclude Southerners. The slavery of white men will never be tolerated by them.

Selections.

SPEECH OF GERRIT SMITH,

IN THE CAPITOL, ALBANY, FEB. 28, 1856,

ON THE

RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE.

GENTLEMEN OF THE LEGISLATURE: The negro is calling on you to help him recover the right of suffrage. Ought you to help him? You ought, provided the negro is a man, and provided, too, that suffrage is a natural and inherent right—a right belonging to a man because he is a man.

The negro is a man. If this is difficult of proof, it is only because the proposition is self-evident—only because the truth of it shines of its own sufficient light. To speak of the negro as the great poet speaks of the Jew, "Hath not a negro eyes? hath not a negro hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a white man is? If you prick him, does he not bleed? If you tickle him, does he not laugh? If you poison him, does he not die? If you wrong him, shall he not revenge?"

Frederick Douglass is a negro. His voice has recently sounded within these walls. Was there one of you to whom it did not seem to be the voice of a man? And was there one of you who doubted that it was a human spirit which prompted his deep and rich and noble voice? Thought any of you that it was not the soul of a man from whose depths flowed ont the eloquence which moved and melted you? Is not Frederick Douglass every way a man?—a man in person, in understanding, in heart? In short, "are not the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, This is a man?"

I proceed to assert that suffrage is a natural and inherent right. From the fact that the province of Government is to protect person and property, it follows irresistibly that every man has the right to participate in choosing the officers of Government—in choosing those who are to wield the powers of Government for the protection of person and property. For, besides that every man has a person to protect, every man either has or may have property to protect. I say every man—the foreigner as well as the native—the black as well as the white. What! says the Native American party, would you have the foreigner vote before he has been in the county twenty-one years? Yes, I would. What! say the other political parties, would you have him vote before he has been here five years? Yes, I would. I would have him vote ere he has been here five years, or three years, or even two years. Wherever his home is, there has a person the right to vote; and I add, that every person may make his home wherever he pleases. The whole world is open to his choice.

All, therefore, that I would ask of the foreigner to entitle him to vote in America is sufficient evidence that he has made America his home. His solemn declaration to this effect, if coupled with no more than a year's residence among us, is sufficient.

But I shall be told that the foreigner cannot learn to vote right until he has lived among us twenty-one years, or, at the very least, five years. It does not, however, lie in the mouth of our native-born citizens to tell me so, seeing that foreigners vote quite as properly as they do. The mass of our native-born citizens are ever ready to vote for profane swearers and rum-drinkers and rum-sellers and demagogues and slaveholders; and I really do not see how foreigners can well do worse. The truth is, this clamour against the ignorant and corrupt voting of foreigners is the veriest affectation that ever was. Do they not vote for the same men we vote for? Are they any more ready to vote for bad men than we are? And when the day shall come (Heaven speed it!) that our native-born citizens shall vote for none but sober, honest, pure-minded men, will not foreigners be found just as ready to vote with them then as they are to vote with them now? The disease in the body politic, of which our native-born citizens complain, is emphatically in themselves. "Physician, heal thyself!" Let our natives vote right, and our foreigners will vote right.

I pass on to the question, why the black man should not be allowed to vote as well as the white man? Are not person and property as dear to the black man as to the white man? Surely they are; and surely, therefore, he has as good right as the white man to take part in choosing the official or governmental protectors of person and property. Are the rights of the black man inferior to or less sacred than the rights of the white man? We need but to drink in the idea of the human brotherhood to know that the rights of all its members are equal in extent and sacredness. The idea of the human brotherhood! so truthful, so beautiful, and yet so unwelcome! How the pride of the heart resists and scorns it! Nevertheless, all around us men fancy that they are democrats and Christians. It is but a fancy. There never was a democrat, there never was a Christian, who did not practically recognise the human brotherhood, and who did not see under a red or a black skin, as well as under a white one, his own equal brother. Why, the doctrine that all men are the children of a common Father—are brothers and equals—is the very first lesson both in the school of democracy and in the school of Christ. If we have never learned that lesson, we may be sure that our democracy and Christianity are spurious.

Why is it that we are so especially slow to accord his rights to the negro? It is because we are especially prejudiced against him. The negro race still furnishes the recruits and victims of slavery. Hence, a black skin is the badge of a servile and disgraceful condition. It is such a badge even where the unhappy wearer of it is not in slavery. Be the black man bond or free, the degradation and disgrace of slavery are reflected upon him. Here, then, in the actual enslavement of a part of his race, and in the dishonourable association of his whole race with slavery, is to be found the origin of our prejudices against the negro. Innumerable are the ways in which these prejudices are fostered and strengthened. There is time to notice but a few of them, and these only very hastily.

One of these ways is the custom of the negro-pew. I do not wonder at this custom; for human pride is capable of any wickedness, of any meanness. But I confess that I do wonder how they who approve the negro-pew can succeed in persuading themselves that they are Christians. Would Jesus Christ—would He who washed the feet of His poor, ignorant, despised disciples—build negro-pews? No! and all reason and religion echo "no." Nothing can be more contrary to the heart of Christ. How, then, can they be Christians who build them? Vain is it to hope that the prejudice against our coloured brother will give way so long as it finds this authoritative recognition and this vital support in the sanctuary.

Another of the innumerable ways in which American Christianity (a pretty Christianity!) fortifies and perpetuates its prejudice against the black man is refusing to bury him among white men. In some communities this Christianity goes so far as to provide, in the title-deeds of cemetery lots, against such mingling of colours. Alas, what outrages on humanity, what outrages on Christianity, are enacted in the name of Christianity!

Other ways in which this prejudice is countenanced and promoted by the strange religion of our country are not letting the negro sit by our side in the jury-box, nor train by our side in the militia, nor eat by our side, nor associate with our families. We shun him even as the Jews shunned the leper. Nevertheless, we stick to it that we are Christians. Poor deluded mortals! we have not learned the first letter in the alphabet of Christianity.

One of the most effective means for giving energy and malignity to the prejudice against our coloured brother is the falsehood that the Bible sanctions slavery. Alas, what guilty and infamous uses that blessed book is put to! It is made the cover of slavery, and war, and rum-drinking, and the authority for degrading woman. In short, it is made to be the worst book in the world. The Satanic and current interpretations put upon it make it the mightiest of all hinderances to the progress of civilization and Christianity.

Perhaps nothing contributes more to uphold this prejudice than the admission of nearly the whole American people—yes, Republican party and all—that the slavery of the negro can be legalized, and that the Constitution does actually legalize it. None of our officeholders would dare to say that it would or could be legal to enslave any other race than the negro. If, for instance, they should dare to say that it would or could be legal to enslave the Irish, they would soon be officeholders no longer. Their delightful occupation would soon be gone forever. How cruel, how deadly to the Irish would it be to single them out as we do the negro race, and to admit that they, though no other people, are capable of being the subjects of lawful slavery! But no less cruel and no less deadly to the negro race is our like admission against it.

What is slavery? It is an attempt, no less blasphemous than absurd, to reduce the image of God to brutehood—to transmute immortality into property. No statute in behalf of this attempt—no Constitution in behalf of it—can relieve it, in any degree, of its blasphemy and absurdity—can impart to it, in any degree, the sanction of law. Not until you can have a valid and obligatory law for enslaving God can you have a valid and obligatory law for enslaving man. Again, all law is for the protection of rights. But slavery annihilates all rights. It is not the office of slavery to protect a man, but to unman him.

The Constitution could not legalize slavery, if it would. It could no more speak man into a brute than it could speak stone into wood, or wood into stone. But where in that Paper is there one line in favour of slavery? I know that we continually read and hear of its compromises in favour of slavery. But where are they? I cannot see them. It is true that I am not a lawyer, and have not the discernment of a lawyer. Perhaps there is a lawyer present who will point out these compromises. I pause to give him opportunity to do so. [Mr. SMITH paused in vain.] No, there is not one word in that Paper for slavery. Apply to it the legal rules of interpretation just as all the Courts apply them to all other legal instruments, and not one word for slavery can be got from the Constitution. But were it ever so full of favour to slavery, there could be no *law* in it for slavery. There can be no law for slavery, if for no other reason than that no one can honestly administer a law for slavery. No one would have slavery held to be law against himself; and hence no one can be honest in holding it to be law against another.

Another and most fruitful source of nourishment and growth to this prejudice against the black man is the American Colonization Society, which is impudently asking your aid at the present time. I know that Society well. Not many years after its organization, and but a few years after I came to manhood, I joined it. Like many others, I joined it with the spirit and the hopes of an Abolitionist. For many years I gave much of my time to it. I wrote for it, and spoke for it; and so intense was my interest in it that my gifts to its treasury were limited only by my ability.

I said that I know the American Colonization Society. It was not, however, until 1834 and 1835 that I came to know it. In those years the Abolitionists drew forth its character. Milton's toad started up a devil at the touch of Ithuriel's spear; and when the Abolitionists fell upon the Colonization Society, it could no longer disguise itself. It stood revealed in all its grim ugliness. Then it was that it took the ground, "No emancipation without expatriation." Then it was that it denounced abolition, but had no censures for slavery or slaveholders. I was an Abolitionist. I had always been an immediate Abolitionist. How could I do less than turn away from the Colonization Society forever? I left in it many men whom I honoured and loved. Some of them remain in it still. I cast no reproaches upon them. They see the matter with their own and not with my eyes. They think that I erred in leaving the Society. I think that they err in remaining in it.

How frightful, not to say how fatal, to the free coloured people is the attitude of that Society! It virtually says to them: "Here you shall have no home; here you shall not be allowed to strike your roots in the soil; here your manhood, respectability, humanities, happiness shall be closed against you; here you shall be outcasts from society, and without rights in this body politic; here you shall be ridiculed, despised, loathed, persecuted, oppressed." It is true that the Society professes to say all this in love. It says it not because it hates the free coloured people, but because it believes that if they will let all this drive them to Africa, they will, in the end, be far better off than had they remained here.

No wonder that the free people of colour hate the Colonization Society. No wonder that they feel themselves to be deeply, cruelly, murderously wronged by it. No wonder, seeing how full it is of great and influential names both in Church and State, that these poor outraged ones are well-nigh falling and perishing before its mighty influence—before the storms of hatred and contempt which it succeeds in raising against them.

Suppose such a strong Society were organized against our Germans, and that one part of these people were free, and the other enslaved; and suppose, too, that the most influential purpose of many of its members were to drive back to Germany the free part because it is a source of dangerous disaffection to the enslaved part; and suppose, moreover, that this Society were to take the ground that America is not the country to afford homes and rights and privileges to Germans—would you not, my German friends, regard such a Society as your most hateful, wicked, injurious foe? Can you doubt that you would? If such a Society is organized, will you, at its bidding, leave your poor brethren in slavery, and go back to Fatherland? Say, will you? Wollen Sie auf Vaterland zuruckgehen? I anticipate your prompt and indignant answer, "No, no, we will *not* go back." "Nein, nein, wir wollen *nicht* zuruckgehen."

For the free Germans to consent in such circumstances to return to Germany would be to make the German name a reproach to the end of the earth and to the end of time. And why, pray, should our black men be any more willing than our Germans to desert their enslaved brothers and sisters? Our Germans would, in the supposed case, spill their blood rather than turn their backs upon their crushed kindred. So, I trust, would our black men. Never must they leave this country—certainly never until their enslaved brethren shall be allowed to go with them. Those black men disgrace themselves and their race, and disgrace human nature, who quit America in order to better their fortunes elsewhere, and who desert their own bruised and bleeding people to identify themselves with another people. But such instances will be few. The mass of free blacks (already half a million) will remain. In all probability they are destined to play no mean part in the battle to be waged in this land between liberty and slavery. That battle, it is to be feared, will be fought not with moral weapons only, but with literal weapons also—for there seems not to be virtue enough left to bring American slavery to a bloodless end.

The only other means of maintaining and increasing the prejudice against our coloured brethren, to which there is time to advert, is depriving them of the right of suffrage. Having robbed them of this right, we despise them because they are without it. Having cheapened and degraded them by shutting them away from the ballot-box, we pronounce them unworthy of respect, and worthy only of contempt. Although it is by our own hands that they have been cast down, we are nevertheless unreasonable, and wicked, and cruel enough to scorn them because they are down, and to justify our scorn by the fact that they are down. Hence it is that our coloured brethren, in asking to be relieved of their disfranchisement, ask to be relieved of one of the most efficient causes of their degradation—of one of the most efficient causes of that tide of contempt and hatred which sets against them everywhere, and overwhelms them everywhere.

Time was when our religion was less a caste-religion than it now is; for, under the first Constitution of our State, the black man was allowed to vote on the same terms as the white man. It is true that we let the property of the black man vote now, provided he have enough of it. The white man is allowed to vote in virtue of his bare manhood; but the black man only in virtue of his property. What absurdities a people are driven into by their wickedness! What fools their pride and prejudice make of them!

It is time to end my speech. I beg you to do your part toward restoring to the black man the right of suffrage. I beg it for your own sake. Doubtless you participate in the general, the almost universal, prejudice against him. Nevertheless you are not so swayed and blinded by it as to be unable to see that suffrage belongs to men irrespective of their complexion; and, if you are not so swayed and blinded, you will sin fearfully against your own souls in refusing to help the black man recover this great essential right.

I have begged, for your own sake, that you would do your duty in this case. I beg it for our whole white population—for, throughout nearly the whole of it, the spirit of caste prevails. Against this spirit you would war effectually by doing what you could to reinvest the black man with the right of suffrage; and against this spirit you and I and all of us are bound to war in every practicable and possible way. For it is a mean, and hateful, and devilish spirit. It darkens and dwarfs the understanding. It debases and shrivels the soul. Others suffer and perish from its venomous and murderous aims; but the reflex influence of those aims upon him who cherishes it is more certain and more deadly. Mighty and ceaseless, then, are to be our efforts to deliver ourselves and to deliver others from this most evil of all spirits.

I have begged you for your own sake, and also for the sake of your white brethren. I now beg you, for the sake of the free coloured man, to help him regain the right of suffrage. He greatly needs it. He is in perishing need of it. This depriving him of a great right of our common humanity—how it unmans him in the sight of others!—and, what is so much worse, how it unmans him in his own sight! Had the Constitution of your State but told the black man that he is too ignorant and too vicious to be allowed to vote, he could have borne it—unjust as it would be to tell him so, and not to speak likewise to many a white man; for, if for these reasons many a black man is unfit to vote, so also for these reasons is many a white man unfit to vote. That injustice, I repeat it, he could have borne. But what he cannot bear is that the Constitution should impeach and disgrace his origin. He could bear to be proscribed for his own abuse of his nature, be the abuse justly or unjusty alleged. But to be proscribed for that nature itself is what he cannot bear. Thus, however, does the Constitution proscribe him, when it tells him that he is unfit to vote because he is born black—unfit to vote because his nature unfits him to vote. It is such a proscription of the black man by the organic law of the State that very greatly favours the policy, and strengthens the habit, of despising and trampling on the black man. It is this attack of the Constitution on the very nature of the black man that encourages and stimulates the public sentiment to drive its irons deeper into his soul. It is this which contributes, quite as much as any of his wrongs, to sink him in his own esteem, and to lead his despairing spirit to question whether he was made a man or a brute. Let us hasten then, gentlemen, to give back the right of suffrage to the black man. When he gets that right, his sad heart will begin to hope, and his fallen head will begin to rise; and when that right returns to him, other rights, of which he has been robbed, will soon follow it.

I have plead with you for your own sake, and for your white brethren's sake, and for the free coloured man's sake, to restore to him the right of suffrage. I now plead with you to do it for the slave's sake. The slaveholder contends that slavery is the fit, and the only fit, condition of black men; and for a proof he triumphantly cites their degraded condition at the North. But that degraded condition is owing to wicked laws and a wicked public sentiment. When we repeal those laws and correct that sentiment, the black men among us will rise; and they will rise to teach the slaveholder that he can no longer prove anything for slavery by their condition and character. They will rise an overwhelming argument against slavery, and will shame and terrify the slaveholder out of his slaveholding by the force of their redemption and elevation. Nothing is more true than that Southern slavery is strong or weak in proportion as the condition of the Northern blacks is degraded or improved. When the slaveholders shall see the Northern blacks to be men, they will see their slaves to be men; and when they shall see their slaves to be men, the rod of the oppressor will fall to the ground and the oppressed will go free.

I shall have done when I have asked you, for the honour of our great common Father, to render this measure of justice to the black man. In his great heart there is no caste, no prejudice. With Him all the races of men are His equal, and equally dear, children. In the Heaven which he has built for the righteous there is no caste, no prejudice; and He can be honoured here below only so far as the spirit of Heaven is here below. To the extent, however, that the children of men hate and wrong each other, earth is hell; and only so far as they acknowledge each other as brothers is earth Heaven. For the honour of God, then, let us hasten to restore the right of suffrage to the black man, and to set before the world so influential an example of the triumph of justice and love.

THE PARALLEL.

THERE is nothing that has ever come under our notice so edifying as the sudden development of peace principles in the Slave States at the thought of bloodshed and violence, even for self-defence, cannot be imagined by any who do not "read the papers." Bowie knives and rifles without doubt are at a ruinous discount. It is probable that no man south of Mason and Dixon's line now looks upon a rifle without a salutary shudder. Their sense of the guilt Northern men who have contributed to the defence of Kansas is overwhelming.

It is to be expected that the whole South will rush into the peace movement, throw away those arms which hitherto they have been so prompt to use on every occasion, and in another generation nurses will explain and illustrate muskets and pistols to wondering children very much as the old servants in English Baronial Castles expound the uses of old steel armour.

Of all revolutions on record, we remember none so remarkable as that which has been wrought by Sharp's rifles. We do not know that a single man has ever been injured by them. They are guiltless of blood. But the *principle* which they involve has brought the whole South to a protest against violence, even in the extremest necessity of self-defence! These aforetime heroes of the knife and revolver are now deep in the Scriptures. They are quoting all the peaceable texts. They hang with irrepressible delight over all those passages which teach meekness and gentleness. There will never be any more gun-powder burnt in the Southern States. Its day is over there. The North has cured the South of all warlike propensities! All this is not a little remarkable. The South has hitherto been proud of its prowess. It has been prompt on every occasion when military glory was to be won. Its citizens have been known to bear arms upon their persons to an extent nowhere else practised. Their towns and cities have been noted for desperate affrays. If there has been one thing which the Southron was more boastful of than another, it has been his courage and his fearlessness in duel, or brawl, or campaign. Southern boys have been brought up on powder and shot, just as our Yankee children are on bread and milk. They have boasted the appetite and hearty digestion of such food.

On the other hand, the South have agreed that the North was peculiar and eminent for the lack of courage. Northern men have been taunted in Congress, in Legislatures, in stump speeches, in the newspapers, on steamboats, in bar-rooms, and up and down the cars, for their cowardice. *The North won't fight* has passed to a proverb.

When Kansas was to be settled, Atchison first proposed a Southern emigration. Yankee emigration, organized, industrial, intelligent, backed up by capital, quite outreached the shiftless Southern adventurers. But the Yankee was a coward. He would not defend himself. Ten Southrons were enough to drive a hundred Yankees into the Kansas river! The Southern gentlemen took their revolvers and their rifles, determined to overawe or drive out or exterminate the cowardly Free State men.

Alas! Lawrence was fortified. The Yankees had Sharp's rifles. They would not fight. It was entirely evident that no provocations and no outrages upon property could draw them into unnecessary conflict; and that, on the other hand, nothing on earth could daunt them when it was necessary to use their arms. The Southern gentlemen called prudence to their counsels and retreated. But they avenged their disappointments by brutal, cowardly murders.

Upon this state of facts, Northern men who were going to Kansas preferred to go armed. In all their meetings, in all publications, on the platform and in newspapers, they avowed, in the most distinct manner, that they sought and desired no collision. But they were determined not to be shot down and murdered by plundering hordes or armed mobs. They proclaimed the doctrine of *Self-Defence.* When, from towns and cities, men saw their neighbours, their friends, their sons and brothers going to this imperilled Territory, they made haste to contribute to their means of defence. While they gave other help, they did not neglect to give each man a rifle. They knew their nature. They knew that a New-Englander was characteristically a man of peace. They knew also that when their dearest rights were invaded, the old New England blood yet beat in the veins of the descendants of those men that bequeathed us a hard-earned independence.

It is for this simple, rational, noble course that the South has gone into paroxysms of astonishment. The Yankees are no longer cowards, fearing powder, and turning pale at the sight of steel. Now they are a blood-thirsty race. They are furious warriors. They are dangerous men. They are threatening civil war. If the United States forces do not interpose, there is danger that these desperate men of the North will invade the South with Sharp's rifles! This is a fearful change! National character never underwent such a sudden transformation. It is difficult to say which we most admire, the extreme lamb-like peaceableness of the South or the fierce and truculent air of the North! If this thing goes on, in another session or so we shall see strange sights in Congress. Northern men will be talking fire and fury. Southern men will be seen meekly deprecating such injustice. Northern Senators will be tumid with concealed weapons, and Southern Senators, gaunt members of the peace society, will stand tall and slim without knife or revolver to crease the well-fitting coat; and swaggering Yankees will drive the poor peaceful Southern representatives plaintively to the wall! Oh, what times we shall have! It is more than the prophecy promised. Lions were to be changed to lambs, but in our day lambs and lambkins are to grow up into wolves and lions!

It is among the remarkable things of this remarkable time to see the conduct of Northern papers with Southern principles! When Missouri mobs invaded Kansas with fraud and violence, carrying arms to the ballot-boxes, and planting cannon to keep off the real voters and to defend the imported ones, our Northern journals, religious and secular, that are now so shocked at war and violence, had nothing to say! When Southern freebooters rode through the settlements, belted and buckled, keeping peaceful men in terror for their lives and property, these papers had nothing to say! When the mob swelled to an army, beleaguered the town of Lawrence, threatening to cut it off, these peace papers had nothing to say. When the chief magistrate of this nation threatened to let loose upon the settlers of Kansas the brigades of the United States army, to destroy them for no other crime than that of being unwilling to be stripped of civil rights, and still more unwilling to yield up life without a manly self-defence, these Northern peace papers had nothing to say! When Atchison sent letters through the South, avowedly purposing extreme violence, declaring in terms that he meant to invade Kansas, calling for volunteers, for money and civil cooperation, even then, with this more monstrous project than any which Catiline ever dreamed in Rome, before them our Northern peace journals felt no shock, conceived no horror of war, no repugnance of civil feuds. When peaceful men were lynched, and in several cases shot,

sin and scandal, then three-fourths of all the Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists and Episcopalians in the South are of the Devil."—*Free Presbyterian.*

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, April 20, 1856.

THE first of Mr. Speaker Banks's receptions took place on Thursday night. The Speaker resides in the well-known mansion formerly occupied by Madame Hamilton, and its spacious rooms were occupied by a large company of ladies and gentlemen, who enjoyed all the satisfaction which agreeable conversation and the attractions of music, dancing and an excellent supper could afford. Among the more prominent of the guests were Mr. Bright, the President of the Senate; General Sam Houston, whose characteristic gallantry was never more assiduously displayed; Senators Wilson, Toucy, and many members of the House; and Dr. S. G. Howe, the distinguished philhellene of Boston. The beauties, natural and artificial, of the ladies present would prove an inviting theme to one more competent to do them justice. There were several, however, whose literary reputation will excuse the mention of their names, among whom were Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Howe, of Boston, author of the remarkable volume of poems entitled "Passion Flowers"; and Mrs. Donn Piatt ("Bell Smith Abroad"), recently from Paris. With these and other celebrities, and the attendance of various members of the diplomatic corps, the party was, perhaps, the most brilliant of the season.

Mrs. Stowe, who is now visiting at Dr. Bailey's in this city, has been since November engaged in the composition of another novel, which, in the interest of the subject, must nearly qual its celebrated predecessor, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is designed to exhibit the condition of the poor whites of the South, in consequence of the existence of slavery in that section. The author has determined, I understand, not to publish it serially in the newspapers, as Uncle Tom made its first appearance, but to withhold the story till its completion, which may be some time during the summer. Without wishing to obtrude any suggestion, it appears to me that the circulation of Uncle Tom's Cabin, in book form, was vastly accelerated by its previous publication in the *National Era*, and I have no doubt that this kind of advertisement would answer equally well again, though Mrs. Stowe's reputation now renders it less necessary than before.—T.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

Last Thursday evening, Mrs. Banks, wife of our distinguished Speaker, commenced a series of entertainments; and, judging from the first, they promise to be among the most brilliant of the season. I arrived late, and was somewhat startled by the heterogeneous assemblage. Senator Toucey, extreme South, made a background to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Senator Wilson, who does not hesitate avowing the most ultra doctrines from his place in the Senate, was conversing confidentially with General Houston. And so extremes meet in Mr. Speaker Banks's hospitable mansion. I want the words to tell of the charming ease, grace and tact with which both host and hostess received and entertained this checkered company. If any one supposes for a moment that it is easy to amuse a large assembly at a reception, let that one try and discover his or her error. But when it comes to such a variously selected crowd, such diversity of taste and sentiment, it requires more than finished talent to satisfy and amuse. Such tact approaches genius.

I seize and cling to—my old cicerone who has so much amused and enlightened me at these places. On remarking to him the singularly-tinted collection, he says, "Yes," but adds, "and that would not be remarked in any other than this mean town of Washington. Why should there be any distinction in society other than that called for by differences in refinement and moral worth? Why is it strange and rare that such men as Seward and Sumner should receive social attention? Their sentiments are honestly entertained. They represent republics whose power, wealth, population and liberal worth make them distinguished features in the world's history. They are men who would be ornaments in any society. Yet here they are socially ostracised, and this 'plantation breeding' rules all things in Washington. In Boston itself how would it be? Why, good taste or sound sense would make the Senator or Congressman respected for his place, and have political differences to the arena where they properly belong. The fact is keenly felt, and a high sense of duty dictates a reformation—and it will come. The boasted aristocrat whose enormous wealth has been filched from the public treasury, the miserable hangers-on who hope for the success, will all find that there is a North—and a North that owns at least one-half of their Capitol. Vote heavy appropriations for water, and shade trees, and bridges, while the donors can scarcely walk the avenues without insult, and their wives and children are treated with scorn and neglect!"

COLOURPHOBIA—AMONG THE DIPLOMATISTS.

[The main incident related in the following extract from the Eng[illegible] noticed in the Anti-Slavery Standard, has already greater circumstantiality than it was in the former account, we give place to the extract. The incident is connected with the grand Guildhall banquet, on the last Lord Mayor's day.—Nov. 9.]

By a curious combination of accidental circumstances, the etiquette of established precedence, which could not be departed from, required that the United States Ambassador should take his seat at the table beside the sable representative of Soulouque, the chon Majesty of Hayti! Such a result, however wide the distance between the representatives of the two powers in the tables of precedence, might arise from several causes; but in this instance I believe it was caused mainly by the absence, owing to illness and to other engagements, of several members of the diplomatic corps, who would, if present, have taken rank below the American Minister and above the Haytian one. Their States were also unrepresented, or represented only by subordinate members of their respective embassies, of whom the Haytian Minister would take precedence, as being the chief of his own embassy. Hence arose the conjunction, which really caused the utmost possible consternation and horror to the Master of Ceremonies for some days previous to the banquet. He dared not, for his very life, attempt a change in the established arrangement, either by placing the United States Ambassador *above* his proper seat or by putting the Haytian Minister *below* his.

The latter course would have been resented on the spot by those ambassadors whose minds are excitable might be properly placed; and, though little fear need be entertained of the forces of Soulouque carrying fire and sword through our territory, common decency and propriety prohibited the offering of an unwarrantable insult to the unoffending representative of Hayti by the adoption of the latter course. There seemed no escape from the dilemma, and the wretched Master of the Ceremonies had been described to me as in a state little short of frenzy at the scene which he anticipated, especially at the point when "the loving cup" should go round, and each guest present it with the usual courtesies to his neighbour next below him. The trembling official, who, though perfectly blameless in the arrangement, fully expected to be made a scape-goat for an offence which he had no power to avert, was saved from utter annihilation at the last moment by the discovery that Mr. Buchanan, by some cause I am not acquainted with, would be obliged to absent himself, and that his embassy would either be unrepresented or be represented by a subordinate *attaché*. Of course, every sensible person acquainted with the circumstance—and it is known to very few, having never appeared in print except in one quarter to which I furnished it, and whence it is not likely to have reached the United States—every sensible person knows that, had Mr. Buchanan found it convenient to be present, he would have taken his proper seat, attributed the proximity of his dark-skinned neighbour to its real cause, and conducted himself like the gentleman that he is. It is, however, impossible for your readers to form an exaggerated idea of the relief experienced by the Master of the Ceremonies on learning his absence.

FREEDOM AND SLAVERY—THEIR FRUITS

From The New Yorker Abend-Zeitung, April 15.

* * * * * *

WHAT has made the United States great and powerful is chiefly the giant-like progress of the *Northern* States, through the free labour of free men. We point with pride or astonishment to the statistical tables exhibiting the growth of the Union in wealth and power—but this growth is solely in the North. Here industry and trade have worked miracles; here thousands of towns and cities have sprung from the earth like mushrooms; here smoke the chimnies of manufactories; here hum the looms, rattle the spindles and resound the hammers, where, but a few years since, the savage wended his way through the primitive forests; here rushes the steam-horse through endless plains which, in the recollection of the present generation, were far beyond the bounds of civilization; here, in the course of a lifetime, wildernesses have been converted into flourishing States, which with rapid strides overtake and outstrip States of the South, now over two centuries old. But this is not all. Here, too, within a few decades, a literature has arisen, which will bear comparison with any of its contemporaries; here not a single branch of human knowledge is without its worthy representatives, no acquisition of science or art but here finds due recognition; and here, lastly, every one, even the poorest, has opportunity to educate himself—an academical education is here open to all.

Thus much for the North. But in the South. . . . Countries like Virginia, surpassed by none in the world for inexhaustibleness of natural resources, according to the testimony of their own statesmen, enfeebled and on the verge of ruin; the once fruitful soil wasted by senseless, suicidal management; the mineral wealth of the country undeveloped, its water-power unregarded; all necessities of life, with the exception of food, imported from the Northern States or from England; States, the history of which scarcely dates back as far as the life of man, exhibiting the most lamentable exhaustion of soul; and a want of refinement among the masses, and among the wealthiest but little appreciation of refined and artistic enjoyments—such are some of the characteristics of the South.

VALUE OF SLAVE LIFE.

From The (London) Anti-Slavery Advocate

THE following from the London *Times* was written by our friend Parker Pillsbury. AN American correspondent of that paper now in London had contradicted a case of terrible cruelty recorded in its columns, because by mistake it was put down as happening in Ohio, which is a free State. The deed of death was done in Kentucky, and papers of that State gave a full account of it.

It seems that two young men, members of the very first families, were drinking till a very late hour at one of the hotels. At length the bar-keeper refused them any more liquor. In revenge, or for sport, they poured a bottle of camphine over the hair, beard and whiskers of a slave-waiter whom they found asleep, and then set it on fire; of course causing terrible torture. The victim lingered for two days in fearful agonies, unable to speak, and then died.

We are assured that not the slightest notice has been or will be taken of the affair by the civil authorities. The perpetrators of this atrocity called on the owner of the slave, and settled for *the damages to his property* by paying him 1,200 dollars (£240). No wonder that the *Times* correspondent, who signs himself "An American," wished to vindicate his country from the odium of such a diabolical transaction.

To the Editor of The Times.

SIR: A writer in the *Times* last week, who signs "*An American*," complains that your copied article, entitled "Value of Slave Life," is untrue. It may be so. But when he accuses "abolition journals of setting thrilling stories of the ill-treatment of slaves in circulation to promote their cause," he bears false witness. I am a constant reader of those journals, have long been a contributor to some of them, and was once the editor of one of them. Let me assure you we never had occasion to *fabricate* cases of cruelty to slaves. The journals of the slave States gave us weekly, nay, daily, more than we could find room for in all our scanty columns, and they were often stories to challenge all the inventions of fancy to parallel.

We have in the United States nearly 4,000,000 slaves. The power of the master is never limited by law, except to "life and limb." Nor can a slave ever testify against any white person, no matter what the crime.

I have in my possession many advertisements for runaway slaves, who are described by letters on their persons broiled into their flesh with the red-hot branding-iron! One of them is for "a girl named Fanny, sixteen or seventeen years old, lately branded on the cheek with the letter R; has a piece taken off her ear on the same side, and the same letter is branded on the inside of both her legs." Can Austria or Russia beat that?

We have also newspapers at our offices from the slave States, with bloodhounds advertised by their owners to catch runaway slaves; and masters in other papers (if not in the very same) offer larger rewards for their slaves taken and brought to them dead, or if their heads only are brought, than if taken and restored to them alive! Nor are these given as rare, but common instances; I grieve to say it; and would not say it only to correct the wrong done to a holy cause by your American correspondent.

Your usual magnanimity induces me to believe you will give this an insertion, and so do justice to the cause of truth, and much oblige, ANOTHER AMERICAN.

Derby, January 21.

JOHN McLEAN AND SLAVERY.

From The (Ohio) Anti Slavery Bugle.

SINCE the name of Judge McLean as a candidate for the Presidency is being assiduously used by a portion of the Republican party, in disregard of his various iniquitous decisions in slave cases, and since "No Slavery outside of the Slave States" is the banner cry under which that party purposes to go into the contest with the Slave Power, a scrap of the personal history of this their prospective candidate may not unprofitably be republished at this time.

Some time in the year 1838 (I believe), there came by the Underground train, to a station in Clinton County, Ohio, a coloured woman named Lucinda. Her story was that she had been purchased in Kentucky, by Judge McLean, as a slave, and taken to his then residence near Ridgeville, Warren County, Ohio, and was there held and used as a chattel personal, and subjected to the beatings and privations incident to the condition of a slave. Great pains were taken to prevent her holding any communication with the free coloured people of the vicinity, but the suspicions of the family became aroused that she was meditating an attempt for liberty. She was, in consequence, confined to an upper room in the house, to await the arrival of a son-in-law, who was to take her to Kentucky again and sell her. Being permitted to come down stairs once in twenty-four hours, she managed to secrete a rope, and, at night, let herself down from the window and escaped to Springborough, where she at once found friends among the coloured people. They started her for Canada, by the usual route, but it was so obvious that she was legally free, and that the Judge dare not venture under the circumstances to reënslave her, that when she came to the station above named, she was advised to go no further. Her hands were then literally raw from the friction of the rope, and attested the truth of that part of her story. How long she endured the condition and bearing of a slave, in free Ohio, has now escaped my memory, but I was loathe to [illegible] when she was married, in Clinton County, married with Randall Updegrave, a slave emancipated by his father, and brought to that County from North Carolina, and I presume is still living there. If I remember correctly, the facts of the case were published about the time of her escape, in the *Philanthropist*, at Cincinnati. About the year 1844 they were republished in the *Anti-Slavery Standard*. (1) With regard to these dates I cannot be exactly certain, and therefore give them with doubt. The affair demonstrates the unprincipled character of a man, whom a large portion of the Republican party are anxious to elevate to office. Judge McLean had none of the palliating circumstances, as by some supposed, of inheritance, the usages of society around him, &c., to plead for the wilful violation of the most sacred rights. These facts prove him to have no conscience which forbids the crimes of slave-buying and slave-owning, even where practised contrary to what he would call law, and help to illustrate the reason why his judicial decisions are always inimical to liberty.

A. BROOKE.

Marlboro', April 8, 1856.

(1) We have looked through the file of THE STANDARD for 1844 without finding the article here alluded to. Was it an editorial, a letter from Dr. Brooke, or an extract from *The Philanthropist*? The answer to this question would facilitate the search for it.—EDS. STANDARD.

THE CASE OF MARGARET GARNER.

From The Cincinnati Gazette.

THE SLAVE MOTHER MARGARET TAKEN DOWN SOUTH AGAIN.—Our readers will recollect our statement in Friday's *Gazette*, that Sheriff Brashears, the Sheriff of this County, having learned that Margaret, the slave mother, had been brought back and lodged in Covington jail, sent two deputies over, on Thursday last, to arrest her on Gov. Chase's requisition, and that she had been removed, by Mr. Gaines's orders, the night before. No one knew where she had been taken to, though various reports were in circulation in Covington about it. Mr. Gaines's friends said he had only removed her to his farm to save the expense of keeping her in jail—others said she had been shipped down south.

On Friday our Sheriff received information which induced him to believe that she had been sent on the railroad to Lexington, thence via. Frankfort to Louisville, there to be shipped off to the New Orleans slave market.

He immediately telegraphed to the Sheriff at Louisville (who holds the original warrant from Gov. Morehead, granted on the requisition of Gov. Chase) to arrest her there, and had a deputy in readiness to go down for her. But he has received no reply to his despatch. As she was taken out on Wednesday night, there is reason to apprehend that she has already passed Louisville, and is now on her way to New Orleans.

Why Mr. Gaines brought Margaret at all, we cannot comprehend. If it was to vindicate his character, he was most unfortunate in the means he selected, for his duplicity has now placed this in a worse light than ever before, and kept before the public the miserable spectacle of his dishonour.

Perhaps he is only a weak man, who felt the impulse to do right, but had not strength enough to resist the temptation to sell—for the price of a negro woman—his honour and his good name beside [illegible] upon his State.

We have learned now, by experience, what is that boasted comity of Kentucky on which Judge Leavitt so earnestly and sincerely advised Ohio to rely.

THE KENTUCKY VERSION OF THE MARGARET CASE.—The Louisville *Journal* gives the following as the facts in the "hide and seek" Margaret case. There are, however, two errors in the statement. The fact is, she was not kept in Covington jail ten days; and, second, no notice of her being there was given to the only persons who could act or secure action, to wit, her attorney and the Sheriff of Hamilton County. Neither of them knew it until the day before her removal, and then sent to Gov. Chase for authority, which they acted on promptly:

"Several slaves, including a slave woman with one or two small children, escaped from Covington, in this State, across to Cincinnati. The woman and her children belonged to Mr. Gaines, a gentleman of high respectability. They were pursued and arrested in or near Cincinnati, whereupon the slave mother killed one of her children to prevent its restoration to slavery. A judicial question then arose in Ohio, whether all the fugitives must be sent back to Kentucky, under the Fugitive Slave law, or whether the woman could be kept in Ohio, in defiance of the Fugitive Slave law, to be tried for murder. Of course the purpose of those who were anxious that she should be retained and tried for murder was not to have her convicted of that crime and punished for it, but to enable her to get off ultimately to Canada. The decision of the Court was that she, like the rest of the fugitives, must be sent back to Kentucky, and that the Governor of Ohio, if he thought proper, could subsequently make a requisition upon the Governor of Kentucky to surrender her up to stand her trial for murder.

"Accordingly she was sent to Kentucky, and Mr. Gaines, her owner, took her immediately to Frankfort, to await the action of Gov. Morehead upon any requisition from Gov. Chase. He kept her there for several days, impatient that the requisition should come, if it was to come at all. At last, weary of waiting, and thinking he had waited long enough, he brought the woman here and sent her to New Orleans. On the evening of the very day she was taken from Frankfort, a requisition for her delivery was received by Gov. Morehead from Gov. Chase. Gov. M. felt surprised and mortified to learn that she had been sent south, and employed a gentleman of Frankfort to go immediately to Covington, and say to Mr. Gaines, from him, that he considered him bound in honesty to bring the slave back. Mr. Gaines accordingly had her brought back, with some difficulty and at considerable expense, and lodged in jail at Covington, and gave Gov. Morehead information of the fact.

"Gov. Morehead then made out the order for her delivery to the Ohio authorities, and transmitted information of the fact to Gov. Chase, and also to the agent who had borne Gov. Chase's requisition to Frankfort. Day after day passed, however, and no one came from Ohio to take the woman to that State. Almost every day the worthy mayor of Covington visited Cincinnati, and said to the citizens, "there she is; the order for her rendition has been made; go and take her." At length Mr. Gaines sent word to the Ohio authorities that he would keep her subject to their order until last Thursday (which would make ten days), and no longer. No order was forthcoming at the time designated, and she was sent back to New Orleans. But no sooner was she gone than the order for her delivery was sent to Cincinnati!

"Now, it is very obvious that the Ohio authorities had their own reasons for not wishing that the woman should be remanded to them. They probably thought that her non-delivery would subserve their purposes better than her delivery. Gov. Chase, even in his letter of requisition to Gov. Morehead, suggested that, as the woman, after committing the alleged murder of her child, had been taken to Kentucky by process of law instead of fleeing there, there might be a doubt whether Kentucky was legally bound to surrender her as a fugitive from the justice of Ohio. Gov. Morehead said, in his answer, that he would not, in behalf of Kentucky, plead any technicalities; that Kentucky was ready to fulfil not only the letter, but the spirit of the Federal laws; that as Ohio had concluded that she had a right to demand the slave, he would have the demand complied with; but that, in the event of the woman's acquittal of the charge against her, he should rely fully upon the honour of Gov. Chase to see her returned in good faith to Kentucky. Kentucky has behaved honourably in all this affair, and we don't suppose that the Ohio Abolitionists will be able to make capital out of it."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1856.

TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY!

THE Twenty-Third Public Anniversay of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held at the CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS (No. 446 Broadway, between Howard and Grand sts.), in the City of New York, on WEDNESDAY, May 7th, at 10 o'clock A. M., and will be continued at the same place during the remainder of the day, and on THURSDAY, 8th. Addresses are expected from WM. LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, Rev. THEODORE PARKER, Mrs. LUCY STONE BLACKWELL, of Cincinnati, Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY, of Syracuse, CHARLES L. REMOND, and others to be hereafter announced.

As full an attendance of the members and friends of the Society as practicable, from all parts of the country, is earnestly desired and strongly urged.

We reiterate our former declaration, that the object of the Society is not *merely* to make "Liberty national and Slavery sectional"—nor to prevent the acquisition of Cuba—nor to restore the Missouri Compromise—nor to repeal the Fugitive Slave bill—nor to make Kansas a free State—nor to resist the admission of any new slave State into the Union—nor to terminate slavery in the District of Columbia and in the National Territories—but it is, primarily, comprehensively, and uncompromisingly, to effect the immediate, total and eternal overthrow of Slavery, wherever it exists on American soil, and to expose and confront whatever party or sect seeks to purchase peace or success at the expense of human liberty. Living or dying, our motto is "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS, RELIGIOUSLY OR POLITICALLY!"

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

EDMUND QUINCY, S. H. GAY, } Secretaries.

☞ RHODE ISLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.—A Convention of all persons in the State of Rhode Island opposed to Slavery and in favour of its Immediate and Unconditional Abolition—and to that end the friends of a thorough and persistent Agitation against its multiform cruelties, incessant encroachments, and daring usurpations—will be held in Westminster Hall (Westminster st.), in the City of PROVIDENCE, commencing on SATURDAY morning, April 26th, at 10 o'clock, A.M., continuing through day and evening, and also through SUNDAY, 27th, day and evening.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, STEPHEN S. FOSTER, WM. WELLS BROWN, SAMUEL MAY, JR., and other speakers, will be present.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

WE trust that there is no need of reminding the Members of the American Anti-Slavery Society of the near approach of their Anniversary. We desire, however, to direct their attention to the Call for it, at the head of our columns, that they may realize how immediately it impends and make their arrangements accordingly. And we would enforce the considerations therein urged to entreat a numerous attendance, if we thought we had any excellency of speech equal to the occasion. But we think that no persons of the reflective cast of mind, which is an essential element of thorough Abolitionism, can fail to feel the deep importance of a numerous and hearty assembly at this particular point of time. All points of time, indeed, are particular to us. Every moment is a crisis full of the future and of the past, which demands the thoughts and the labours of all who can comprehend its far-reaching issues and who are sensible how much the moulding of these issues lies in their hands. But the present moment is ever the most instant of all. The two eternities beat with the most solemn music on the shores of the narrow isthmus of the Now, reminding us of all that has been swallowed up in the Past and of all it has brought to us, as well as of the dread uncertainty which hangs over the untried Future, into the unknown recesses of which we must plunge at once.

It is by their continual watching of the signs of the times and their perpetual readiness to advance from truth to truth, nothing doubting the safety of following the leading of God, that the Abolitionists have become a Power on Earth—a Power recognised by the Slaveholders and acknowledged by the world. It is their fearless and uncompromising statements of the fresh truths at which they had arrived and of the new duties growing from them that has startled the mind of the nation from its stupor and compelled the vigilance of both the South and the North in this matter. And it is only by continued and increased watchfulness and fidelity that they can fully perform the work they have accepted as their appointed task. And in order to the fitting performance of this duty, it is incumbent on them not to neglect the assembling of themselves together, for counsel and for encouragement, for planning future operations and for providing the ways and means for carrying them on. We have not had much cause of complaint, in former years, of slackness in this regard. That is, we have never failed of large and earnest gatherings. But we have never yet had a mass meeting of Abolitionists in the City of New York such as the dignity and importance of the Cause demand. We are aware of the reasons which stand in the way of a frequent attendance from distant quarters—and yet it is precisely from those quarters that we need light and direction as to the needs of the Enterprise. We hope to see the West largely represented, as well as the East, and a scheme of comprehensive and extensive agitation organized, such as has never yet been set on foot. The Executive Committee are powerless excepting so far as they are sustained and informed by the means and the intelligence of the members of the Society who have appointed them to stand in their stead.

Persons engaged in a warfare with a great evil like Slavery are much more apt to be injured by apparent successes than by apparent defeats. The very progress Anti-Slavery ideas have made and the very prominence they occupy in politics at the present time are in danger of mischievously exciting hopes and hindering efforts. Because we may be able to hold our Meeting peaceably in New York, without molestation from the Hundred Slavecatchers and their trusty ally, Captain Rynders; because Slavery has become the pivot on which all politics turns; because a great National party with a certain Anti-Slavery *prestige* is in the field with at least a possibility of political success; because of these things and the like, sanguine persons, who could never have swerved a hair from the forthright line in the face of persecution and hostility, may be tempted to think that the day of triumph is at hand, or, at least, that the seat of war is transferred from the Anti-Slavery Meetings to the polls. This is one of the tendencies which it is the object of such gatherings as that of next Wednesday week to confirm or to counteract. If we can be shown that the time has come to pass into the ranks of any new leadership, or to stand aside and let new men do our work for us, we are as ready as any veterans to take our discharge and let the war be ended by more fortunate soldiers. But if it be true that there was never more urgent need of our organization, and of the preaching of the word as we have received it, than now, then is it all important that we should meet each other face to face and reason together of all these things.

An impending Presidential election makes the time one that will try men's souls. It seems as if so much might be done by just declining a little, for once only, from the uncomfortable straight and narrow way, that there are always many that cannot resist the temptation. This trial we have had to encounter every four years; and while many have stood firm, many have fallen away and followed with us no more, when this test was applied. But it has been by resisting precisely such tempters in diverse shapes that the Anti-Slavery Cause has been led up to its present commanding position. It has been fed and nourished up to its present point of growth on the Usefulness of its supporters. At every stage of our history we have been met by exhortations and by arguments urging that if we would only spare ourselves a little and do something we were very well inclined to do, the Cause would be mightily subserved and promoted. We have been entreated to let the Church and Ministers alone and to remain in the one and to recognise the Christian character of the other, though they did receive menstealers as brethren beloved and refuse to treat Slavery as a mortal sin. We have been advised to join the Whig party again and again, with affectionate exhortations not to throw away our usefulness by contumaciously standing aside and merely protesting against all that helped keep the Slave in his chains. The Free Soil party made a show which drew away after it a great number of our host; and now the Republican sickle is put into our lessening harvest, and threatens to swell its sheaf of votes out of our field.

Now, we apprehend very few Abolitionists who have stood unto this day will question the wisdom of the course the American Anti-Slavery Society has taken in the cases referred to, up to the present time. Had we foreborne our testimony against a pro-slavery Church and Ministers, had we gone into politics to elect Harrison, or Clay, or Taylor, or Van Buren, should we have stood as well as we do now for the work we have in hand? And is there any change of principle now to justify such a change of course? Does not the Constitution of the United States still require persons swearing to sustain it to restore fugitive slaves and to put down insurrections, and does the Republican party propose any resistance to it in these respects? Does it not avow its intention to let Slavery alone in the States and to sustain the Constitution as it was originally made? How, then, can men who are resolved never to do the things required by the Constitution engage to do them by appointing agents to execute it for them, because there is a possibility thereby of keeping Slavery out of Kansas? The price demanded is too great for the possible good. The politics of the country have not yet taken the shape in which we can take direct part in them. The day may come when the simple question of Union and Disunion shall be the one to be settled, and then Abolitionists will not be found wanting. In the meantime, we do not hold to the policy of swearing to sustain Slavery as a National Institution, by making the whole nation its hunting-ground and by pledging ourselves to keep down a sable Revolution, for the purpose of hindering it from extending itself in a particular direction. The testimonies of the Abolitionists are what have produced the measure of Anti-Slavery leaven which is now fermenting in the lump of politics. These testimonies have derived whatever force could be added to the force of their truth from the unquestionable and admitted disinterestedness of those that bore them. Whatever charges may have been brought against us, we have never been charged with self-ends. Hence the secret of the influence we have exerted. Nothing would be gained, even to those who would urge us to it, by parting with the charm which gives us life and strength. If these things be so, come up to New York and reaffirm them. If not, then reconsider them. But at any rate be there, if it be among things possible. The Hour demands the Men.

THE CINCINNATI SLAVE CASE.

IT will be seen from the information contained in another column that Margaret Garner, having been brought back to Kentucky from the South, has, by an "artful dodge," been again spirited away beyond the reach of Gov. Chase's requisition. It is clear that the Presbyterian scoundrel, Gaines, never intended to surrender her for trial, and that his promises were only intended to hoodwink those credulous Northerners who are always prating about the honour and chivalry of the slaveholders.

At the Probate Court, on the 17th inst., H. H. Robinson, U. S. Marshal, appeared before Judge Burgoyne to show cause why he should not be attached for contempt, on account of disobeying the *habeas corpus* commanding him to bring in the bodies of Margaret's children. In answer to the specifications filed by the Prosecuting Attorney, he put in an answer, taking the ground that he was at the time of doing and omitting to do the various acts complained of in said specifications, and still is, Marshal of the United States for the Southern District of Ohio, and that said acts were all of them done and committed in the discharge of the duties of his said office, and in pursuance of the laws of the United States, under which he claims protection. And he denied the jurisdiction of the Court to call him to account for thus performing the duties of his office.

Judge Burgoyne said he was not aware of any law requiring the Marshal to treat the process of the Probate Court with contempt, and, conceiving the responses to be all insufficient and not sustained by the facts, he would order the issuing of the attachment. The Prosecuting Attorney intimated that under the Probate Act there would be no necessity for issuing the attachment. The Judge then directed that Robinson be fined $3,000, and stand committed until he obeyed the order of the Court. After the committal of the Marshal to jail, an application was made to Judge Leavitt, of the United States District Court, to have him liberated on *habeas corpus*. Judge Leavitt said it was impossible to decide the case that day, and asked if some arrangement could not be made by which the necessity for Mr. Robinson going to jail might be avoided. Mr. Robinson said he presumed the parties would not consent to an arrangement, and he was remanded to jail.

That Judge Leavitt will order the discharge of the Marshal there is no doubt, but will Judge Burgoyne submit? We shall see.

The Marshal and his special deputies in the slave-catching business are also in trouble with the United States Treasury Department, which refused to "fork over" the amount of their little bill of more than $21,000, and, to their utter consternation, sent on a special officer to investigate their claims. The following extract of a letter to *The Tribune* reveals the facts of the case:

CINCINNATI, Friday, April 18, 1856.

It is now some ten days since a special agent of the Treasury Department arrived here and took rooms at the Burnet House. He had not been here more than one day before the faces of certain of the officials who hang about the United States Court-room began to wear a lugubrious expression, which they have retained till the present time. Rumour said that the sudden descent of Mr. M. of the Treasury Department had something to do with this, but the connection was not made evident to the public till the issue of this morning's *Columbian*, which partially solved the mystery. But as the informant of *The Columbian* was Mr. John L. Pendery, United States Commissioner, &c., some of the facts discovered by Mr. Midell did not find their way into the paper.

Various statements are given by interested parties, but I have obtained from an authentic source an account which is, undoubtedly, correct. The Treasury Department had, for a long time, suspected some of the officials here of improper conduct; and when Mr. Robinson, a month or two ago, presented a bill for some $22,000 for the services of Pendery, himself and posse, in returning six slaves to Kentucky, Mr. Medill was despatched to investigate, and a part of the results of his investigation is given below.

The warrants for pay to Marshals were over five hundred and in number, and the total amount claimed by them was some $20,000. Mr. M. had seen in *The Gazette* (of this city) that the Marshals' certificates had been bought in by *somebody* at a large discount. Who was the *somebody*? Mr. M. called at *The Gazette* office on the morning of his arrival and learned the names of some who might be able to help in the solution of this question. Mr. M. called immediately upon Mr. Bagot, one of the Deputy Marshals. He asked Mr. B. if he had ever bought in any certificates? Mr. B. repelled the charge indignantly, denying that he had ever done so. Mr. M. left Mr. B. and went out exploring. He, in less than an hour, found a gentleman who had been informed by Mr. B. that he had received $4,000 to buy up certificates. The gentleman also knew that Mr. B. had bought certificates.

So Mr. B. was written down as one speculator. Were there others? Mr. Bennett, another Deputy, was found to have been engaged in the same work. Mr. M. called upon Mr. Bennett and had a plain talk with him. Mr. Bennett, I have no doubt, understands well what Mr. M. thinks of him. If he does not, the fault is in the English language and in Mr. B.'s brains. Mr. M. decided to stay another day. The next morning he renewed his investigations, and the mine has been so rich that he is still here, and at work.

Mr. Pendery, it has been discovered, while the *Slave Case was undecided*, was seen in the office of a buyer of claims, looking over with the latter individual a list of the "Specials," telling him who were the most likely to sell out, and making arrangements to buy claims together. (Mr. Pendery, in the account he gave *The Columbian*, failed to mention this fact, as well as one which follows:) Mr. M. called Mr. P. to an account—taxed him with dishonesty, &c. Mr. P., who is too weak to be a successful rogue, frankly admitted all his evil doings, and has been very useful to Mr. M. since.

Several speculators were discovered; but as they were all men who rarely had money, two more questions suggested themselves to the agent. Were 500 specials needed? And did the one who appointed them buy up their certificates?

Mr. M. called upon a number of gentlemen, who succeeded in convincing him that 500 was a large number.

Judge Leavitt thought there was not the slightest necessity for such a number, and that the Marshal must have had some *very special* reason for appointing them?

One gentleman who was consulted suggested that as some of the "Specials" held warrants for twenty-eight days pay, it would be well to see if they had served that length of time. Mr. M. looked at the papers and found that for fourteen days the fugitives were in jail, and there was no need of any person's services. One who held one of these warrants was an *attaché* of Mr. Robinson's paper, and never did a single day's duty as Marshal. His case is not a solitary one either. There were never more than two hundred and fifty of the "Specials" present at the trial on any one day, and a great many who hold warrants never saw the inside of the Court-room.

As these facts gradually became known to Mr. M., he communicated them to the Department, and he was directed to investigate the accounts of the Commissioners and Marshals for some years back. These revealed the same rascality in a Commissioner named Warden, and the Bennett before mentioned. *The Columbian's* account of this part of the transaction is correct, but somewhat lengthy. The substance is that these parties *charged false mileage and witness fees*, and did so in a manner which rendered them liable to prosecution for *perjury and forgery*. Mr. Robinson, who was in Washington, was summoned here by telegraph, and on Monday or Tuesday last made his appearance.

Mr. R., on being confronted with Mr. M., professed great sorrow that his deputies should have acted so, offered to discharge them, &c., and disclaimed all connection with their misdoings.

Nothing had up to yesterday been learned that directly implicated Robinson, but a gentleman has since, I understand, volunteered testimony that will affect him seriously.

Of course, more is known by Mr. M. than I have been able to learn, but what I have told you will give a hint of its nature.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* says:

"We understand that Mr. Robinson in conversation yesterday remarked, that if the United States did not pay the Deputies for their services in the late Fugitive Slave case, there was an end to nigger-catching in this city. We can't get, said he, merchants and gentlemen to engage in the business, but we have to employ river men, &c., and if those whom we employed in the late case don't get their pay, neither they nor their friends will ever have anything more to do with it."

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THE General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which meets once in four years, will hold its next session in Indianapolis, commencing about the first of May. The question of slavery will be the all-exciting topic of the occasion, the delegates from the Eastern and North-Western Conferences being earnestly bent upon procuring the adoption of some rule or resolution which will have the effect to relieve the Church from the odium resulting from her past complicity with the peculiar institution. They will encounter the stern resistance of the New York Book Room Regency and the fierce opposition of the Border Conferences, and it is by no means certain how the battle will end. We shall of course take due note of the proceedings for the benefit of our readers. Meanwhile, we put on record the following article from *The Wesleyan*, in which the present attitude of the Methodist Episcopal Church in respect to slavery is clearly defined from official sources.

EPISCOPAL METHODIST PLATFORM ON SLAVERY.

During the discussions of a few years past on the question of slavery, there have been, and there are now, many misapprehensions respecting the position of the Methodist Episcopal Church. To put to rest the whole subject, we propose now to give the exact positions of the Church, in its own words, with the title and page of the book from which we quote.

A word of explanation is necessary. The action of the Church is found only in the book of Discipline, and in the proceedings of the General Conference. This body, which meets once in four years, is the only representative of the Church. It passes in review the entire discipline, and, after revision and extension, sends it forth as the will of the Church for the ensuing four years. Explanations of that will are to be looked for in the other proceedings of the General Conference, the resolutions and reports adopted. To these sources only we shall refer to learn the platform on which the Methodist Church stands to-day.

All resolutions of Quarterly and Yearly Conferences, which now have no legislative function, are omitted. They do not express the will of the Church. They are merely an embodiment of the wishes of the people. The resolutions of Quarterly and Yearly Conferences do not declare what the position of the Church is, but what the voters wish it was. So that we can refer with firmness and with reliance only to the sources named above.

The quotations below are given to show what there is adverse to slavery, and, moreover, what wrong action of the past has to be righted in order to place the Methodist Episcopal Church on a basis that can be justified and relied on. This platform shall be kept standing for the present. And if the General Conference at Indianapolis shall tear up the old bad planks, by rescinding the same, one by one, or by a sweeping repudiation of them, we shall gladly split them up for abolition kindling, and exultingly announce the fact as an omen of the certain triumph of the gospel of Isaiah.

1. SLAVE-TRADING.—"The buying and selling of men, women, and children, with an intention to enslave them," is forbidden in the General Rules.

2. SLAVEHOLDING.—"All that related to slaveholding among private members was struck out—1808." See Emory's History of the Discipline, published by the M. E. Church, page 278.

3. SLAVERY.—"We declare that we are as much as ever convinced of the great sin of slavery." See same book and page.

"Resolved, That we wholly disclaim any right, wish or intention to interfere in the civil and political relation between master and slave, as it exists in the slaveholding States of the Union."—*Proceedings of the Gen. Conf.* in 1836.

4. ABOLITIONISM.—Resolved, "That we are decidedly opposed to modern abolitionism."—*Ib.*

5. SLAVEHOLDING MINISTERS.—Resolved, by the delegates of the several Annual Conferences, in General Conference assembled, "That, under the provisional exception of the General Rule of the Church on the subject of Slavery, the simple holding of slaves, or mere ownership of slave property, in States or Territories where the laws do not admit of emancipation, and permit the liberated slave to enjoy freedom, constitutes no legal barrier to the election or ordination of ministers to the various grades of office known in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and cannot, therefore, be considered as operating any forfeiture of right in view of such election and ordination."—*Proceedings of the Gen. Conf.* in 1840. *Report on the Westmoreland Memorial.*

POLITICS.

The Providence *Journal* says that the members of the Rhode Island Legislature from Newport County intend to support J. Prescott Hall for United States Senator.

——The Richmond *Enquirer*, forgetful of all that Mr. Fillmore has done for the slaveholders, is endeavouring to make party capital against him out of the fact that he pardoned Drayton and Sayres. There must be no drop of mercy in the heart of a man if he expects to win the favour of the Southern Oligarchy.

——A large and enthusiastic Republican meeting was lately held in Wilmington, Del., which was addressed by Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts. The resolutions adopted assert that hostility to the extension of slavery is not a new sentiment in that State, and cite a declaration, adopted, in 1847, by the Legislature, requesting their Senators and Representatives in Congress "to vote against the annexation of any new territory which shall not thereafter be *forever free from slavery*."

——The Newport (Ky.) *News* has placed at its head the name of Cassius M. Clay for President and that of N. P. Banks for Vice-President. The Norristown (Pa.) *Olive Branch* supports John P. Hale for the first and C. M. Clay for the second office. The Chicago *Democrat* (John Wentworth's paper), in declaring its allegiance to the Republican movement, nominates for President John C. Fremont, and for Vice-President N. P. Banks.

——The Democratic papers of West Chester, Pa.—says the *Delaware County Republican*—are at loggerheads, in consequence of the course Mr. Hickman has pursued in Congress. The *Republican*, the organ of the old-fashioned democracy, sustains Mr. H., and the *Jeffersonian*, representing the ultra wing of the party, opposes him with much bitterness. Mr. Hickman has given mortal offence to the Administration by his course on the Kansas question, but we think a large portion, if not a majority, of the party in his District will sustain him.

——It is said that Mr. Buchanan, on arriving in Paris lately, made haste to pay his respects to Mrs. James Gordon Bennett, to whom he is reported to have unfolded his Presidential plans at considerable length. The *Evening Post* mentions this fact and says: "In the programme for Mr. Buchanan's reception in this city, we see no provision made for his stopping at the *Herald* office before going to his hotel, a courtesy which he will scarcely neglect. The New York Hotel Committee should look to this." If Mr. Buchanan reaches the Presidential chair, will he be so ungrateful as to overlook Mr. Bennett's claims to the French embassy?

——The Republicans of Wisconsin are divided. One portion of the party has called a delegated Convention, to be held at Madison on the 4th of June, to appoint delegates to the National Nominating Convention; while another portion has called a Mass Convention, to meet on the same day, at the same place, for the same purpose. The friends of the Mass Convention assert that, by a trick, the Know-Nothings have got control of the Republican Central Committee, and they do not acknowledge its authority. S. M. Booth, we see, goes in for the Mass Convention, and we infer that the German Republicans are generally acting with him. We shall not be surprised if this division results in giving the State over to the Sham Democracy.

—— The *Pennsylvanian*, in urging the claims of Mr. Buchanan, makes a confession as to the state of the Democratic party at the North that will surprise the South. It claims the nomination for Pennsylvania on the ground that the Democracy of that State is not tinctured with abolitionism, and says:

"So general is this sentiment in the States North of us that *many professing the Democratic name are infected, and the masses generally, even those not organized in the Black Republican party, are borne away by the popular current.* It is a melancholy confession to make, but the Democracy—or what ought to be the Democracy—in those States is at this time generally defeated by Black Republicanism; or is disorganized by the Free-Soilism within its own ranks. There are thousands, of course, who have not bowed the knee to the Black Republican Baal, but the mass has been deluded and temporarily misled. For illustration, what New England State would sustain by its vote a sound platform like ours of the 4th of March? Would New York even? New Jersey, we think, might, for she seems orthodox; but what other? In Pennsylvania, Free-Soilism has been purged out of the Democracy, until there is scarcely a tincture left, and that on the outskirts of the camp—the northern outskirts where we touch the infected regions of New York."

In all this it is quietly assumed that the nomination is in the hands of the slaveholders, and they are asked to bestow it upon Pennsylvania as the most subservient and cringing of the doughface brood!

THE VIRGINIA SEARCH LAW, which obliges every vessel to be examined before leaving any port in that State—the expense of the search being paid by the vessel itself!—is causing great dissatisfaction among the merchants engaged in the coasting trade. The Alexandria *Sentinel* states that one of the coal and iron companies who have their dépôt in that city, and whose vessels are searched as they go out of the Potomac, intend to test the constitutionality of the new law, at the next term of the Court. There can be no ground of hope for a redress of this outrage from a Court composed of slaveholders and doughfaces. Nevertheless, we are glad the trial is to be made.

The New Bedford (Mass.) *Mercury*—a journal which once counselled submission to the Fugitive Slave law, and which has shown symptoms of an intention to support Fillmore for President at the next election—lets off its indignation in view of this law in terms which will be thought rather fanatical in the Old Dominion. It says:

"This law is in justice not to be complied with, but rather set aside, spurned and resisted. No northern captain who possesses the heart and the soul of a man will observe its unlawful provisions, or give heed to the power that aims to enforce it. Virginia may make a slave law, any slave law which it pleases her to make, and may attempt to enforce it, but that State must, in addition, remember that absurd and cruel laws are absurdities and cruelties as much in Virginia as in Russia, the East Indies or Turkey. Slavery is no better in Virginia than in Russia. On the contrary, it is much worse, altogether worse, beyond all description worse. That slaveholding State may try to sustain her new and worthless slave law. She cannot do it. If there is any court mean enough to enforce a law which, on its face, is an insult to each honest man, that court exists in Virginia, and is in every sense the proper court to exist in Virginia. To illustrate this a little: suppose Virginia should pass a law, as it may, that a man from Massachusetts who looks at a slave, or speaks to a slave, or thinks of a slave, should be hanged—and this is as good a law as the one just passed, and on the whole considerably better—is it altogether probable the citizens of Massachusetts, a free State, would respect this law, or obey it while in Virginia? If it is so supposed, it is a futile supposition. What can be done about Virginia's last endeavour to more effectually enslave human beings, and by whose means the citizen of Massachusetts, a free man, is compelled, under pain of whips, fines and the gloomy prisons of Virginia, to execute its provisions, cruel as the blighting frost of the January night? He may determine not to visit Virginia, or, if he goes there, to make no obeisance to the law. It is a Gessler's cap, raised in the public square of Richmond, before which the freemen from the North are commanded to kneel.

"Does Virginia so readily conclude she can imprison and scourge the citizens of free communities, under cruel and illegal provisions falsely named laws, by a surprising lack of common sense and honesty to be found among the other palpable illegalities that apply to her slaves? It would be wise for her to try the experiment. Every fresh convict, every fresh sea captain confined as a felon in the common jail, each added lash he gets in the broiling sun at the hangman's hand, will be like the stroke of a dissolving sunbeam against the clanking manacles of her passive slaves, and accelerate their desired liberties more speedily than all other means she could employ to effect that auspicious end."

ANTI-SLAVERY SENTIMENT AT THE SOUTH.—It is a great mistake to suppose that the slaveholders of the South are all united in urging the extreme measures proposed from time to time by the Charleston *Mercury* and the Richmond *Enquirer*. Even among the slaveholders there are not a few who feel that slavery is wrong, and who therefore shrink from the reckless policy of those who assume to be their leaders. This is manifest from the whole tone of discussion in the Southern journals, and from such passages as the following from the Richmond *Enquirer*:

"There is a set of politicians at the South (once numerous, now few in numbers) who have been disposed to temporize and compromise with Abolition, hoping to hold their slaves during their lives, and willing to let posterity take care of itself. They do not believe slavery right, yet are willing to enjoy its profits and advantages. They do not believe it will be permanent, and are only anxious to relieve themselves from the horrors of a revolution, in which they are quite willing to involve their children. But their timid measures, if not counteracted by bolder, wiser, less selfish and more patriotic men, would be sure to precipitate the revolution which they dread. Prince Metternich, when reminded that the conflicting materials of the Austrian Empire could not hold together long, replied, 'It will last my time.' Yet revolution has once obliged the Prince to fly—and may do so again.

"Those heartless and selfish politicians whom we have described are the bane of the South. They would put up with the gross insults and injustice of the Missouri Compromise in order that slavery might 'last their time.' But another generation is arising, who must correct the errors of these selfish men, or bear the woful consequences of their cowardice, treachery and folly.

"It is needless to conceal the fact that there is now an organized Abolition party at the South."

SLAVE LAW IN CUBA.—The mildness of the Spanish slave-code in comparison with that of the United States is proverbial. An illustration is seen in a fact of recent occurrence in Cuba, where several slaves, having obtained a sum of money by robbery, used it to purchase their freedom. According to Spanish law, these men, though liable to severe punishment for the robbery, can never be again reduced to slavery. Their liberty, though paid for with stolen money, is henceforth their sovereign and unquestioned right. A correspondent of *The Tribune*, writing from Havana, gives another illustration of the working of this same law.

"A negro slave had been condemned, by order of the Court, to be sold at public auction to pay the expenses of his trial for some trivial offence, his owner having given him up to avoid the responsibility. The bidding commenced and the price was soon run up to $400, and the poor fellow was about to be handed over to the highest bidder, when he interrupted the auctioneer by saying that he would give that amount himself for his liberty. The Alcalde immediately stopped the sale and ordered the man's free papers to be made out in due form. It was soon done and the money paid over. The negro seized the document and was just about to leave the court, when he was rearrested under the charge of having stolen $500 from a shopkeeper who lived outside of the walls. The Alcalde kindly expressed his sympathy for the unfortunate haberdasher, and told him that his money was lost for ever, and that the only thing he could do would be to remand the negro to jail. This was done, and the man was subsequently condemned to twelve months' hard labour in the chain-gang. I have frequently seen him, since the expiration of his term of punishment, working on the wharf as a stevedore. These facts need no comments. I hope they may meet the eyes of some of your Southern readers, who lay so much claim to Christian feelings, for even they may learn a lesson of wisdom from Spanish legislators. I have heard several Southern gentlemen say that if they ever got hold of Cuba they would soon change the slavery system. Yes, I suppose they would introduce the barbarous laws they have inherited from their ancestors, with a few modern improvements thereon! I am much afraid that their very humane wishes will never be gratified. Abolitionism is gaining ground even in Cuba. The planters see by experience that they can get along very well without slave labour, if it is only possible to substitute the Asiatics. Several very wealthy and intelligent sugar-growers near Cardenas, Mantanzas, and Puerto Principe, are offering the best inducements to white labourers to come and settle on their estates and cultivate a certain amount of land on shares. Many have responded to the call, and I shall soon have the pleasure of presenting to your readers some highly-interesting information on this all-important subject."

AN OLD PRINTER.—We have in our office an old printer, seventy-six years of age, who commenced his apprenticeship of seven years in the King's Printing Office, London, in 1784—sixty-four years ago. He was a soldier under Sir John Moore at Corunna, in Spain, in 1808, when he received a ball in the right arm. He was present at the burial of Sir John Moore, and remembers the minutest particulars of the scene. He was also with the Duke of Wellington through his whole campaign, and lost an ankle-bone by a grapeshot in the battle of Waterloo. This old man, after all his hard service, is still one of the swiftest and best compositors we have ever known, and, though lame from his wounds, is still able, at "early morn and dewy eve," while younger men are wasting the golden hours in pleasure or snoozing them away in bed, to ramble over the fields and through the woods in search of wild flowers, with which he forms tempting bouquets for the belles of the village or to gratify the wishes of some favourite little girl. It speaks well for the heart of the soldier that all the children love him.—*Blackstone* (*Eng.*) *Chronicle.*

We cut the above from the *Rhode Island Country Journal* of last week. It also appeared in the Boston *Evening Telegraph* of the 18th inst., and, before now, has probably been copied by other papers as a fresh item of foreign intelligence. The paragraph, however, is of domestic origin, having been originally published in *The Blackstone* (Mass.) *Chronicle* of May 28, 1848. It went the rounds of the press at that time. How it happens that, after a sleep of almost eight years, it has taken another start, and that too as a *foreign* item, we do not know. Whether father Scowell, the "Old Printer" alluded to, "still lives," or, like *The Blackstone Chronicle*, has ended his earthly existence, we are not informed.

SCHOOL RIGHTS IN NEW YORK.—The question whether coloured parents in this city have not a right to send their children to the Schools of the Ward in which they reside is now under consideration in the Board of Trustees of the Fourth Ward. The circumstances under which the question has arisen are thus related in *The Times*:

"A few days ago, a coloured man, owning real estate in the Fourth Ward, made application at Ward School No. 1, in William street, for the admission of his two children as scholars in the public school. In most of the other Wards, schoolhouses are provided for coloured children expressly, but in the Fourth Ward there are none. The Principal of the School, who had only white children under him, was at a loss what to do. It was a new question for him to decide. The applicant paid his taxes into the City Treasury, as other citizens of a different colour did who had children at the schools, which the assessments on their property helped to support; but it was contrary to the former usage of the school to admit coloured scholars. He referred the applicant to the Board of Trustees of the Fourth Ward. The question came up before them last Monday evening, and was referred to a Select Committee of their body, who are to consider it, and report upon it, at their next monthly meeting. The probability is, that it will receive no definite decision from them, but will be carried up to the Board of Education for final adjudication. It is the policy of New York to extend to all her inhabitants equal opportunities for educating their children, and rearing a generation of useful and accomplished citizens."

We wish we might hope for a right decision in this case, and that New York would follow the example of Massachusetts in the utter abolition of caste schools. For a consummation so devoutly to be wished we must "wait a little longer."

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SLAVERY.—REV. T. B. M'Cormic, who, as our readers will remember, was suspended from the ministry by the Indiana Presbytery of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, for aiding in the escape of fugitive slaves, and who, to avoid the consequences of a legal prosecution set on foot by his clerical brethren, was compelled to leave the State, has been engaged in lecturing, the past winter, in Michigan. In a letter to the editor of the *Bugle*, dated at Oberlin, April 15th, he says:

"I lately met with a number of your paper containing a sermon from Dr. Southside;* and although it was designed for a burlesque, yet I know that it contained 'more truth than poetry.' I have the honour (if it be an honour) to claim Kentucky as my native State, and, further, I was for six years an *orthodox preacher* in Kentucky and Tennessee, and I yet stand with the orthodox, so called (except when the subject of slavery is mentioned), and I am assured that the reverence which ministers in the South teach the slaves to have for their so-called masters is nothing but idolatry. I have preached to slaves, and I have heard others preach to them, and I know that they are taught that they cannot be Christians unless they implicitly obey their masters, and that without reference to whether their commands are in accordance with the commands of God or not."

* See STANDARD of March 1, 1856.

THE COOLY TRADE.—The *Friend of China*, of a recent date, says:

"The newly arrived United States Commissioner to China, His Excellency Dr. Parker, has notified subjects of his Government that they will not only forfeit protection, but be liable in heavy penalties, if hereafter found engaging in the traffic known as the 'Cooly Trade'—the horrible character of which His Excellency describes as more revolting than that of the African slave trade."

The Times says:

"We trust this notification will be sustained, with corresponding vigour, by our Government at Washington, and that it will do something towards suppressing this abominable trade. The excuses which have been urged on its behalf are precisely those which were made for the African slave trade. It is said that the Coolies are the victims of horrible oppression at home, that their condition is improved by their transportation to other countries, &c. But common sense has long since branded these apologies as they deserve."

THE FUGITIVE, whose recent escape from New Orleans in a vessel bound for Liverpool was mentioned in an extract of a letter from Parker Pillsbury, which appeared in THE STANDARD of the 19th inst., is thus spoken of in a letter from William P. Powell, formerly of New York, now of Liverpool, to the Editor of the London *Anti-Slavery Advocate*:

"JOSEPHINE, THE NEW ORLEANS SLAVE.—Have you heard of the successful escape of Josephine, the slave from New Orleans, in the ship Asterion, Captain Gay, arrived in Liverpool last month? She is now in my family. The friends here have been quite liberal in supplying her wants. She is a fine specimen of the New Orleans Creole slave, and speaks good French and some English. Her *excuse* for leaving the sunny South and sweet slavery was, to use her own words, 'for the benefit of her health, which has been so very indifferent for the last twenty-three years that *Dr. Liberty* advised her to cross the water and visit England.'"

HON. J. R. BUCHANAN, late United States Minister at the Court of St. James, arrived at this port on Wednesday in the steamer Arago. He was met on landing by an enthusiastic crowd of "patriots," a committee of the Common Council at their head, by whom he was escorted to the Everett House, where he was to remain a couple of days as the City's guest. On Thursday he received the congratulations of such as chose to call upon him, in the Governor's Room.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 622, contains the following articles, selected from *Frazer*, the *Spectator*, *Household Words*, *Blackwood*, *Notes and Queries*, *Gentleman's Magazine*, *Eclectic Review*, etc. Tristram Shandy *or* The Caxtons; Death of Braham; The Movement Cure; Foxglove Bells—a Book of Sonnets; Monteil; The Pageant; Breaking up of a Literary Workshop; Saint Boblink House; Broadsides; Rogers and Lady Morgan; Northamptonshire Words and Phrases; Prime's Travels in Europe and the East; The Tale of Telephron; The Chateau of Monte Christo; George Bidder, the Mental Calculator; England's Position at the Conference; Poetry; Short Articles. 343 Broadway.

HOPEDALE HOME SCHOOL.—We invite attention to the advertisement of this School in another column. Personal acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Haywood enables us to commend them to our readers as possessing in a high degree the moral and intellectual qualifications requisite to success in teaching.

[Published by Request.]

LIBRARIAN'S THIRD ANNUAL REPORT.

To the Visiting Committee of the Public Library in the Institute for Coloured Youth, Lombard street, above Seventh, Philadelphia.

ESTEEMED FRIENDS: The third anniversary of our existence as an institution has just expired; many who formerly mingled with us, whose intelligent countenances bespoke the enjoyment of solid pleasure in the Library, have passed into eternity, and looked upon the pages of that Book where the recording angel has written their history. Well may we adopt the affecting language in which the Romans took leave of their departed—"Farewell, farewell, farewell! in the order of nature we shall all soon follow."

It gives me great pleasure to state that entire harmony has prevailed among the youth in the Library, although a large number of them have constantly been in attendance, forcibly reminding one of the beautiful observation of Sir John Herschell, "that nothing unites people like intellectual enjoyment; it does more, it gives them mutual respect—to each among them self-respect, that corner-stone of all virtue."

The number of readers now using the Library is 400, of whom 224 are males and 176 females. Cards of admission have been issued to 178 new applicants.

Number of books loaned out during the year, 6,271; number loaned in Reading-Room, 2,344; total, 8,615; being an increase of 3,042 over the first year, and 2,973 over last year.

A good addition of new books has recently been placed in the Library by the managers, consisting of works on Agriculture and the Arts, Biography, History, Morals and Religion, Science, Travels, &c. &c.; making our whole collection about 1,400 volumes, most of which have been in great demand, and doubtless exerted a very salutary influence on the minds of readers. There are upon the tables, for use in the Reading-Room, *The Builder*, *Civil Engineer*, the *London Quarterly*, the *North British* and the *Edinburgh Reviews*, the *Eclectic Magazine*, the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, Burritt's *Citizen of the World*, *Non-Slaveholder* and *Farm Journal*.

We cannot too earnestly or too often urge upon parents the necessity of encouraging their children, by both precept and example, to become readers of the Library. As the number of females is about one-fifth less than the males, it is very desirable that a large number of girls should receive its benefits, for the more intelligent the female, the more civilized and refined will be her influence. On this subject we have the testimony of an experienced Indian Chief. A writer in *The Farmer and Planter* says: "When I lived among the Choctaw Indians, I held a consultation with one of their principal Chiefs respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts and virtues of civilized life, and among other things he informed me that at their first start they fell into a mistake: they only sent their boys to school. They became intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives; and the result was that the children were all like the mother, and soon the father lost his interest in both wife and children; and now, said he, if we could educate only one class of our children, we would choose the girls, for, when they become mothers, they would educate their sons." Oh, what a glorious result would be attained if mothers would but lead the way! Then children, when asking for valuable information, instead of being turned churlishly off with some frivolous excuse, in tones grating to the tender ear, by mothers, would be kindly answered in tones of angelic sweetness, "read and you will know."

This being the only Public Library among us, there is no good reason why it should not be more generally appreciated. It would be if all thirsted for the knowledge that produced the most learned man of the seventeenth century, Antonio Magliabecchi; he was a library of reference on a multitude of subjects, and letters were addressed to him from all parts of Europe by the learned, seeking information on a variety of subjects, to be discussed or written on by them. Such was the influence of his universal learning that authors and publishers submitted to his judgment the works which they published as a test of their worth. How did he begin this vast acquisition of knowledge? In a reading-room like that of the British Museum, at a cost of some $300,000? No! In a library like that of Oxford University, with 400,000 volumes? No! Was it a library like ours, with 1,400 volumes? No! He began by poring over the old, stained, torn leaves of books in which dried herbs were enclosed. Such was the beginning of this learned man's education. Professor Hey, of Gottingen, one of the greatest classical scholars of any age, in youth was so poor that he went ragged and barefoot, yet such was his love of books that he wept because he could not get all the learning he desired; when promised assistance by the baker to whom he was sent for bread, he ran though the streets intoxicated with joy, tossing the loaf in the air. But so proverbially addicted are we to alimental pleasure that a youth weeping for want of books would be a miracle; and if such a case should occur, an invitation to a feast would quickly arrest the falling tear. Stone, Simpson, Ferguson and other distinguished men in their youth felt greatly the want of a Library like this, and Franklin lived upon biscuit, water and raisins, that he might obtain the means to purchase books. Opportunities for which many would have sacrificed almost life itself are here to be had free of expense.

The managers view with no ordinary satisfaction the increased interest in the Library. Three years ago it was exceedingly problematical whether the attention of the people could be so brought to bear upon it as to warrant the expense of handsomely fitting it up, but the darkness of the hour has passed, and the future bursts brightly upon us. Novels and romances are excluded from the Library and Reading-Room, because of their evil influence upon the minds of the young; but from the pages of the works admitted, the maiden budding into womanhood may gather a knowledge of the glorious principles that adorned the lives of Lady Jane Grey, Elizabeth Fry, Harriet Newell, Mary Fletcher, Lady Guion and others, which to her will be invaluable, whether her frail bark glides quietly down the stream or is tempest-tossed on the stormy ocean of life. The youth verging to manhood, looking into the future with all the strength of his mental vision and with all the aspirations of a guileless heart, may here gather a knowledge of all that has made men great, honourable and beloved.

Let us not relax our efforts to maintain the importance of the Library and Reading-Room, and let it be proclaimed to all that books are loaned here without money and without price—a privilege which even kings could not enjoy a few centuries ago. Louis XI., in 1471, was obliged by the Faculty of Medicine in Paris to pledge not only a large quantity of plate, but to give a deed of surety to a very large amount for the safe return of the works of Rasis, the Arabian Physician, which were loaned to him.

During the year persons from several States have visited the Library, and the astonishment of Linnæus on seeing so many rare plants during his visit to Lapland was not greater than theirs on beholding the interest manifested by our people and the variety of good books at their command. Our Library and Reading-Room may be to us what the Hesperian Gardens were to the ancients. Here is the beautiful orchard blooming in rich intellectual beauty; here each may pluck the fruit which is more precious than the ruby, and of more value than gold of Ophir. Classic history assures us that, as one of the twelve labours of Hercules, Eurystheus ordered that he should kill the Nemæan lion, which he accomplished and conveyed the body to Eurystheus, who was so terrified at the courage of Hercules that he forbade him ever again to enter the gates of the city, and he even provided himself with an apartment under ground, into which he retired whenever Hercules appeared. Prejudice is our Eurystheus: he has given us many more than twelve labours to perform; but may the day speedily come when, by the influence of Libraries and Reading-Rooms, and the general respectability and intelligence of the people, he shall not only be compelled to retire into some subterranean apartment, but, like Eurystheus of old, be finally slain, he and all his household, whether existing in Church or State.

Respectfully submitted by

JAMES M. BUSTILL, *Librarian.*

4th mo. 1st, 1856.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK, 1856.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS,

May 7th and 8th, in the City Assembly Rooms, 440 Broadway (East side), between Howard and Grand streets.

Wednesday Morning, 10 o'clock.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—Wm. Lloyd Garrison in the chair. Addresses by Wendell Phillips, Charles L. Remond, Lucy Stone Blackwell, and Theodore Parker. Admittance free.

Wednesday Afternoon, 4 o'clock.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—Adjourned meeting for Public Addresses. Admission free. Among those who will probably take part in this and the subsequent meetings of the Society are Wm. L. Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, Lucy Stone Blackwell, Samuel J. May, C. C. Burleigh, Wm. Wells Brown, J. M. McKim, Samuel May, Jr., C. L. Remond, Lucretia Mott, Abby K. and Stephen S. Foster, Aaron M. Powell, and others.

Wednesday Evening, 7 1-2 o'clock.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—Address by Theodore Parker. Subject: "The Interest of Northern Men in keeping Slavery out of Kansas and Nebraska." Admission 10 cents.

Thursday Morning, 10 o'clock.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—Adjourned meeting for Public Addresses, by Rev. O. B. Frothingham, of Jersey City, and others. Admission free.

Thursday Afternoon, 3 o'clock.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—Final meeting for Addresses and Business. Admission free.

Thursday Evening, 7 1-2 o'clock.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—Addresses by Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips. Admission 10 cents.

Summary.

A Western paper having stated that Judge Douglas was a man of "loose habits," Prentice replies that, on the contrary, he is often "very tight."

GOOD ADVICE.—Never deal with an undertaker if you can possibly avoid it. They're a mean lot—always wanting to screw you down.

MANUMISSION OF SLAVES.—Seventeen slaves were manumitted yesterday, in this city. They were from Logan and Simpson Counties, in Kentucky, and most of them were freed by James and Gracy McIlvaine.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

SLAVES MANUMITTED.—A gentleman from Tennessee brought to this city a coloured woman and her nine children, and manumitted them before Judge Storer, yesterday.—*Cin. Gazette.*

Mrs. Emma R. Coe, the distinguished authoress and lecturer, will deliver a lecture this evening on Woman's Rights, at Cooper's Hall, Covington. She deserves, and we hope she will have, a large audience.—*Newport* (*Ky.*) *News.*

A HAPPY FAMILY.—NEW CASE OF FUSION.—The New Haven *Register* tells us that a farmer in Connecticut recently found, in an old hollow stump, no less than five snakes, three squirrels and a coon—all driven to herd together by the hard winter. In political parlance they had "fused," and all for the purpose of keeping warm.

The Rev. Mr. Barham, author of the famous "Ingoldsby Legends," used to tell a story of the complete discomfiture of a wit of no inferior order, by a message politely delivered at a supper party by a little girl. "If you please, Mr. B——, mamma sends her compliments, and would be much obliged if you would begin *to be funny*."

THE PROPHETESS WAKEMAN ACQUITTED.—The jury in the murder trial of Samuel Sly, Widow Wakeman and Thankful Hersey, at New Haven, have returned a verdict of not guilty, on the sole ground of insanity. They were all tried on one indictment. The result was generally anticipated.

DARKNESS FOR LIGHT.—In Washington, recently, during the time of Sunday evening service in the various churches, the eloquence of their preachers was arrested by the sudden extinguishment of the gas-lights, and the congregations had to grope their way through the darkness into the street.

Charles List, Esq., formerly connected with the *Commonwealth* newspaper, died at Melrose on Wednesday evening. For several years he had been afflicted with *elephantiasis*. His sufferings were very great, and he bore them with exemplary patience. He was a man of much culture and great propriety of character, and had the respect of all who knew him. He leaves a wife, but no children.—*Boston Telegraph*, 10th.

KANSAS STORIES.—"There has been," said the Rev. Theodore Parker on Fast Day, "more falsehood upon the matters in Kansas, on the part of the Administration, than upon any other subject recorded in history. A systematic attempt has been made to misrepresent it. A tissue of lies has been woven over it. *There has been no such monstrous lying before, from the days of Annanias and Sapphira down to the last election of Governor Gardner.*" Cheers followed the utterance of this cruel jest.—*Bunker Hill Aurora.*

MURDER IN THE FAMILY OF MR. RUST, M. C.—On the 17th ult., a difficulty occurred in Camden, Ark., between Mr. Jones, editor of *The Ouachita Herald*, and Mr. Carrington, editor of *The El Dorado Union*, in the course of which the latter was shot dead by a friend of the former. It is stated that Carrington fired at his antagonist with a revolver three times before receiving the fatal shot. The unfortunate man was a brother-in-law of Congressman Rust. At last accounts the friends of the parties were arming for a general row.

A COMPREHENSIVE PRAYER.—A correspondent of the Lowell *Courier* listened to the discourse of the Rev. E. B. Foster, of that city, on Thursday of last week, at Lawrence, on the Kansas question. After the discourse had been concluded, the following prayer was offered by the clergyman before whose congregation the address was delivered:

"O, Lord! we pray thee that the freemen of the North, the East and the West may squat in Kansas, and drive out the '*Border Ruffians.*' This one thing we ask for Christ's sake. Amen."

"SELLING SLAVES."—A copy of the San Francisco *Herald* of March 15 is before us, which has among its marine intelligence an item that at Callao, February 11, the ship Revere, Bird, was discharging ice; the T. B. Wales, Howland, was discharging coals, and the ship Westward Ho, Hussey, was "*selling slaves!*" The ship, we believe, is owned in Boston, and some of our insurance companies have refused to insure her, as the presidents of the office long ago decided that she was engaged in an unlawful traffic.—*Boston Transcript.*

H. W. BEECHER ON SUCCOTASH.—"Succotash," says Mr. Beecher, "is a liquid compromise between corn and beans. It is perfect when its flavour is that of corn lapsing into bean, and of bean just changing into corn. In short, it is a dish whose flavour represents the evanishing of both beans and corn towards a mystic vegetable union in some happier sphere. But to be perfect, there should always be a hieraphantic bit of pork, presiding over the nuptials, and giving its unctuous blessing."

MANNERS AT HOTELS.—The amusing travelling correspondent of the Boston *Evening Transcript*, being at Alligator, Pa., describes the hotel there as being quite a fair one, all things considered, but was not a little amused at the notices attached to the inside of the door of each room, which contained, among other injunctions, the following, which he copied verbatim:

"*Gentlemen* are requested not to spit upon the *floors* and *walls*, and not to come to the table with their coats *off*.

"*Gentlemen* are requested not to *swear* at the table *if ladies are present.*"

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.—A man in Pittsburg accidentally spilled some oil on a bundle of bank notes. To remove the oil he rubbed the notes with a solution of potash, which had the effect of removing the signature of the officers of the banks. Frightened at the probable loss of the money, he filled up the notes again, writing therein the names which he had so incautiously removed. Upon presenting the notes at the bank, the writing was detected, and the man was arrested. Fortunately for him, however, several gentlemen were cognizant of the facts and he was released. The banks redeemed the notes.

CLOSE CALCULATION.—A SINGULAR CASE.—A man, seventy-three years of age, recently died in the Indiana Penitentiary, of an affection of the heart. He was a miser, was incarcerated for a forgery of $25, and has left a fortune of $100,000. He denied himself the smallest luxury beyond the prison fare, and at the time of his arrest he was tendered counsel, who pledged themselves to clear him of the charge for the fee of $500. To this the old man replied that "if convicted, the sentence would only be for *two years*, and he didn't think he could make his expenses and two hundred and fifty dollars a year *out* of the penitentiary, and it would cost him nothing to live there, and he would save that much anyhow."

HOW THE PEACE WAS SIGNED.—The Empress Eugenie having expressed a wish to preserve the pen with which the peace was signed, the gallant diplomats made use of one plucked from the wing of a living eagle, and the relic is now in her possession, ornamented with gold and diamonds. In addition to signing the principal documents, each of the plenipotentiaries had to put his name to eighty-six separate paragraphs. The treaty might have been signed on the 29th ult., but Louis Napoleon, who affects the Napoleonic fondness for anniversaries, desired that the ceremony should be deferred until the 30th of March, the day on which the Allies entered Paris in 1814.

MONUMENT TO DR. SHEW.—A Monument Association has been organized in this city for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument in Greenwood Cemetery to the memory of the late Dr. Shew. It is proposed to raise, by the voluntary contributions of the friends of medical reform, the sum of one thousand dollars, to be placed in the hands of an Executive Committee, whose duty it will be to determine the plan and superintend the construction of the work. We have no doubt there are hundreds who can, without inconvenience, contribute something, and who will be glad of this enduring method of testifying their appreciation of the zealous and unremitting labours of one of the pioneers in our cause. Donations may be forwarded to the Treasurer, S. R. Wells, care Fowlers & Wells, 308 Broadway, N. Y.—*Water-Cure Journal for April.*

A PROUD BIRD IN DIFFICULTY.—Some gentleman in Arkansas, of more patriotism than brains, has presented to Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal*, a big American eagle, to be kept by the aforesaid Prentice in a cage until Mr. Fillmore is elected President, and then released! Fancy the unhappy lot of this ill-fated screamer! Years roll by and no friendly hand opens the door of his prison! Silently he waits for the news which shall be to him news of liberation! He grows old apace; if previously bald, he becomes balder; his fine plumage grows dim; his burning eye cocks dismally; his beak falls off; his tail-feathers drop out; he tumbles from his perch, and in his final squawk an Audubon may hear the words, "Where is Millard Fillmore?" while a mocking voice replies, "Je-ru-sa-lem!"—*Atlas.*

FREE FLOW OF LIQUOR—THE LADIES IN THE FIGHT.—A few days since, in Farmingham, Fulton County, Ill., there was a very marked demonstration of the ladies on the liquor-shops in that place, some of whom had suffered from their evil influence. One lady's husband was in the habit of visiting those places; she went to remonstrate with the keepers and was told to "go away and mind her own business." From this and other similar cases the whole female portion of the village became aroused. Some 25 or 30 ladies, headed by a Mrs. Moore, armed with hatchets, proceeded to obnoxious shops (four in number), and, in a cool and business-like manner, cut the hoops from every cask that could be found, letting the liquor out upon the floor. The bottles were emptied, and a clean sweep made of the whole business. They were threatened by some some of the owners, but were not to be thus deterred from effecting their object. A crowd of men and boys followed as spectators, but no one attempted to interfere.—*Rushville Republican.*

Judge Butler, of South Carolina, declared in the Senate, on Thursday last, that he would go out of the Union rather than submit to an interdiction of the right claimed for Southern gentlemen to carry their slaves into the national territories. The *Union* of Saturday parades the declaration under its editoral head with great delight. Such language from Seward or Hale would be abolition treason. From the quarter from which it now comes, it is merely a manly outburst of lofty chivalry. These Southerners, who crack their whips on their plantations, wish to crack them occasionally in Congress. They feel towards the North as our friend in the song feels towards his ass:

"Things have come to a very fine pass,
When a man cannot wallop his own jackass."

REMARKABLE ESCAPE OF A FUGITIVE SLAVE.—The Montreal *Herald*, of Wednesday morning, states that by the Underground Railroad a passenger arrived in Boston on the Saturday previous, having had a narrow escape from the United States Marshal, at St. Albans. It appears he left servitude in Baltimore on the 14th of January, and made his way towards Canada as far as St. Albans, where he found employment. On Friday, his former master and a United States Marshal arrived at the latter place. On making enquiries for the object of their pursuit, they were informed that they would be more successful in securing the prize at Waterbury, Vt., than at St. Albans. Meantime, the friends of the "coloured brother" transported him a few miles further north in a sleigh, and placed him on a freight train. In a few hours he was beyond the reach of the United States Marshal, safe on British ground.—*Burlington* (*Vt.*) *Free Press.*

MURDER OF AN OVERSEER.—The Montgomery *Journal*, of Tuesday last, says:

"A most outrageous murder was committed, on Saturday last, on the person of Mr. Thomas J. Capeheart, who was acting overseer and sole manager of the plantation interest of Mr. John G. Williams, of North Carolina, by a negro man named Harry Gauze, belonging to said Williams, whose plantation is situated within a few miles of the village of Mount Meigs, in this County."

It appears that Capeheart attempted to chastise the negro for idleness, when the latter knocked him on the head with a shovel, and then stabbed him in sixteen places with a knife. The negro then took to the woods, and had not been arrested at last accounts.—*N. O. Picayune.*

MELANCHOLY RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday afternoon, as the Rev. George B. Jewett, who was settled over the 1st Congregational Society at Nashua, N. H., a year ago, was riding out with his wife and only child, a boy of about seven years of age, they arrived at the Concord Railroad track, and the horse stopped and no persuasion could prevail on him to move on. The Concord train came down upon them, and the engine threw the carriage from the track, demolishing it, and badly and fatally injuring those within. Mr. Jewett was so badly injured that it is thought he can survive but a short time. Mrs. Jewett was seriously injured, but she may recover. The child had a leg and arm torn off, and died during the evening. Mr. Jewett is a brother of John P. Jewett, Esq., of Boston, and of Professor Charles C. Jewett, late of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

THE RUSH TO THE WEST.—A Chicago correspondent of the New Hampshire *Patriot* speaks as follows of the emigration westward:

"Many families of fathers and mothers, and any number of children, take the cars along upon the lines of your eastern railroads, with huge baskets and boxes of cooked provisions, and cans of milk, and do not leave them until they arrive at their various places of destination, upon some of the various roads checkering the wonderfully progressing States of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa. During the forty-eight hours ending Saturday morning, the eight trains on the Michigan Southern Road brought eighty-one cars, containing 4,050 passengers, and in the same time the six trains on the Michigan Central brought sixty-three cars, containing 4,662 passengers, nearly 9,000 in all, arriving in two days over these two of the fifteen

Miscellaneous Department.

STANZAS,

By the late Lady Lovelace (Lord Byron's daughter),

ON MISS NIGHTINGALE.

A PORTRAIT—TAKEN FROM LIFE.

I saw her pass, and paused to think!
She moves as one on whom to gaze
With calm and holy thoughts, that link
The soul to God in prayer and praise.
She walks as if on heaven's brink,
Unscathed through life's entangled maze.

I heard her soft and silver voice
Take part in songs of harmony,
Well framed to gladden and rejoice;
Whilst her ethereal melody
Still kept my soul in wav'ring choice,
'Twixt smiles and tears of ecstasy.

And books she loves, and wisdom's lore;
For there her thoughtful nature feels
The priceless treasure held in store,
Which to her earnest mind reveals
Those deeper truths that few explore,
And busy life too oft conceals.

I deem her fair—yes, very fair!
Yet some there are who pass her by,
Unmoved by all the graces there.
Her face doth raise no burning sigh,
Nor hath her slender form the glare
Which strikes and rivets every eye.

Her grave but large and lucid eye
Unites a boundless depth of feeling
With Truth's own bright transparency,
Her singleness of heart revealing:
But still her spirit's history
From light and curious gaze concealing.

No flash of mortal hate or pride
From that deep liquid eye hath gleamed,
Where love and thought profound abide.
In slumber's visions I have dream'd
That one like her, an angel's bride,
I saw—o'er whom a halo beam'd!

'Twixt heaven and earth she seems to soar,
In peaceful, placid loveliness
Too pure for passion to adore;
Nor one vain thought does she express,
Or some there are would like her more,
But I should love and worship less!

In future years, in distant climes,
Should war's dread strife its victims claim,
Should pestilence, unchecked betimes,
Strike more than sword, than cannon maim,
He who then reads these truthful rhymes
Will trace her progress to undying fame.

A TALK WITH HEINRICH HEINE.

Translated for The Evening Post from the Correspondence of The Augsburg Gazette.

HEINRICH HEINE was one of the few poets who, like Byron, possessed during their lifetime the art of attracting and riveting to themselves a large measure of public attention, and who are not obliged to wait, before people begin to talk about them, till the shadows of death settling about their name and fame have lent to these latter increased and sometimes exaggerated proportions. Especially was Heine the favourite theme of conversation throughout Germany, where he was looked upon as a sort of intellectual prodigy. The first question asked a German student, after his return from Paris, was whether he had seen Heine; and every man of letters made it his especial business to gain admittance, if possible, to the poet's chamber, in order to gather up a few of the pearls that fell from his lips, and carry them back for the particular delight and adoration of his friends at home.

Heine's name, especially after he fell ill, was conspicuous in guide books, and the modest street in which he lived in the outskirts of Paris was perhaps as well known to the German curiosity-seeker in that city of wonders as the Boulevards or the Rue de Rivoli. The sick poet seemed to have an absolute property in nothing but his own thoughts, and even these he had to keep a sharp eye to, for the moment they left his lips they were no longer his own. The bare walls seemed at once to have found ears and voices, and the winds took up his words and scattered them to the four points of the compass. Heine was on every German tongue, in every German gazette. Heine was everywhere.

I one day took it into my head to visit Paris. Before I went, I made a vow not to thrust myself upon the sick man's notice, resolved that I, at least, would form an exception to the great mass of my Paris-going countrymen. I should have kept my vow were it not for the fact that I quite accidentally became the poet's neighbour in the Rue d'Amsterdam. Heine, hearing of my vicinage, sent me a note desiring my company at his house to meet another gentleman whom I knew. I entered the poet's residence on a foggy evening in November. Heine lay on a couch in a small bedroom, and was complaining bitterly, seeming to be in great distress. He had passed a sleepless night, and had only succeeded in getting a little rest toward morning, by means of large and frequent doses of opium. Soon after our arrival, Heine's spirits seemed to rally, and he all at once became social and communicative, his wit flashing forth at times with a brilliancy that showed that, however wasted might be his body, his mind still retained all its wonted elasticity and strength.

The conversation naturally turned to Germany. I spoke of our fatherland, and mentioned in that connection the banishment of Venedry. "Poor Venedry!" said Heine, "he is a second Masseman, only he knows still less Latin than Masseman does." We asked him why he was always ridiculing Masseman. "*Mon Dieu*," he replied, "I am an old man, and cannot find a new fool every time I want one. I must make the old ones answer. Masseman is a great source of profit to me. He is my income. I cannot help it."

Our talk then turned upon modern German poetry and its representatives. The names of several German poets were mentioned, who had ended their days in the poor-house or the mad-house, when Grabbe's name came up. Heine intimated that he could give us some valuable information about this poet. "I first knew him," said he, "in Berlin, where we were fellow-students. He was a rare compound of German modesty and unbounded conceit. He concluded I was very rich because I was the fortunate owner of a handsome cloak. He used to tell me that, with such a cloak as that, I ought to have no difficulty in composing love-songs, full of glow and warmth; whereas he, with his old, worn-out wrapper, through whose many rents the sharp air of a Berlin winter found an easy entrance, had to seek for inspiration in the frozen legends of the far-off Northland.

"Grabbe had just finished his 'Duke of Gothland,' and brought it to me to get my opinion of it. While he was reading this curious production, it seemed to me that a dozen mills were clattering in my ears. Not satisfied with the impression produced upon myself, I took the manuscript to a friend of mine, who soon handed it back to me, declaring that a further perusal of it would drive him crazy. I then carried it to Varnhagen, who kept it a few days, and, when I called on him shortly afterwards, begged me on his knees to take it back again, protesting that it threw his whole house into an uproar. Yes," said Heine, "this Grabbe was a curious pattern of humanity, but something of a genius for all that. I could have communicated many interesting facts in relation to him, but these, like many others of a similar nature, will doubtless go down to the grave with me unspoken."

We now alluded to one of his new poems. Heine declared that poetry was the only solace of his long and sleepless nights. "Poetry," he exclaimed, after a pause, "is my only true friend; it remains by my sick bed, it follows me to the grave, and seems to dispute for the possession of my body with death itself."

When I bade him good-by, Heine gave me his meager withered hand, and begged me to return very soon and very often. Months rolled past, however, before I again visited the sick poet. At last, on the 20th of January, 1850, he sent for me. "Why don't you come oftener," said he; "you only live a few doors off." I hinted at the reasons that had induced me to visit him so rarely. "It is true," he answered, "that I sometimes suffer dreadful pain, so that no wonder I inspire people with horror. I am almost a horror to myself. But do not, I entreat you, let that prevent you from visiting me."

I found him suffering much and in very low spirits. "I am lying here so lonely and forsaken," he exclaimed, "I would have liked to have died in Germany, and perhaps, as it is, may have my body taken there; but what would my poor wife do in Germany? Here I have fatherland—in Germany my wife has none. I know I shall never rise from this bed. That song is ended, and, after all, I am at just the age at which a German poet ought to die. How they will praise me when I am dead!! Instead of the rotten apples they once threw at me, they will load my grave with bouquets of flowers, and deck my tombstone with laurel wreaths. Campe will be glad when he hears that they have buried me; that I have exchanged my painful grave in the Rue d'Amsterdam for my painless one in the Cemetery of Montmaitre. Yes, Campe will be glad, because my death will be a godsend to him in the way of bookselling."

We spoke for some time of his private affairs, and our conversation at last turned upon religion. I told him that many journals had mentioned his conversion, that many gave out that he had returned to Judaism, and believed firmly in the advent of the Messiah. "Yes," I added, "they comment largely upon your return to Jehovah Zebaoth. I did not like to mention the subject to you on my first visit."

"Why?" he asked, "I never made a secret of my Hebrew faith, and I never returned to it, for the reason that I never left it. I never was baptized out of hatred to Judaism. As for my Atheistical tenets, they were of little account. My former friends, the Hegelears, have acted like simpletons. Human misery is too great. We must have a faith of some kind." "Can the ancients no longer satisfy us?" I asked. "I have not turned a Nazarine," he replied, "but ancient Greece, though beautiful and gay, has fewer charms for me now that I am neither. I was living in Passy when I was attacked with this terrible malady. Lying on my bed, a prey to every conceivable form of suffering, I heard the bloody battle of the month of June, as it raged beneath my windows. I heard the thunder of the cannon as it roared in my very ears. I heard the shrieks of the dying, and watched while the grim monster Death was carrying off in his remorseless grasp the bravest youth of Paris.

"In such moments of doubt, terror and anguish," continued Heine, "Pantheism can no longer satisfy the wants of man. We are then constrained to believe in a personal godhead and to admit the immortality of the soul. I never was, never shall be a hypocrite. I felt my way to the throne of the Almighty without the aid of either church or synagogue. Priest nor Rabbi showed me the path. I found God myself, and I believe he will not renounce me." I told Heine the papers were talking a great deal about certain memoirs which he thought of publishing. "I certainly entertain the idea," he replied, "but I do not know that I shall have time enough. I dictate nearly every day, and it is very exhausting for me. I have burned many manuscripts, because I found they contained a great many statements with which my present convictions do not harmonize. Alas! I fear I have burned too many. It was done in one of my dark hours, when thoughts of suicide haunted my sick bed. They contained some beautiful thoughts. Peace to their ashes!"

We then spoke about his work on Borne. I confessed that it was admirably written, but said that his fierce attacks on a man who commanded even the esteem of his bitterest enemies could not be justified.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Heine, "an author is always in danger of falling into error. Notwithstanding its severity, that book is not half so bad as the critics would try to persuade the public in my dear fatherland."

Heine gradually grew more and more animated, and several other men of letters passed under our inspection; among others, Gutzkow, who seemed to be Heine's favourite butt. "Return very soon," said he, when I rose to depart, "and do not forget me. You have only a few steps to go now; but if you delay, you will have to take the long and muddy road that leads to the cemetery of Montmaitre, where I have already rented a house for eternity. It will be a poorly-furnished one, and I presume somewhat damp, but then it will be a very quiet neighbourhood."

A few months afterwards, I left Paris. I never saw Heine again.

EMANCIPATED SERFS OF THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

REFERRING our readers back to the article in our number for February last, on the emancipation of the serfs in Moldavia and Wallachia, under an edict of Prince Ghika, we think some account of this class may not be uninteresting to our friends.

It is not, we believe, generally known that these serfs belong to the nomadic tribe known as Gypsies or Bohemians. Tradition ascribes to them an Asiatic origin, which, however, they themselves deny. They say they are of Egyptian extraction. In many parts of Europe they are in fact called Egyptians, and hence the designation of Gypsy. Nevertheless, philological investigations go rather to show that they originally came from the East. Their language is a mixture of a branch of the Sanscrit and of words, terminals, and prefixes, borrowed from the people among whom they dwell. Their nomadic habits and their patriarchal institutions strongly corroborate this view of their ancestry, notwithstanding that in their bronze complexion, black hair, teeth of ivory whiteness, burning eyes, long chest and projecting shoulders, one may trace some striking characteristics of an Ethiopian origin. On the other hand, they closely resemble the lowest caste in India, and it is highly probable that their ancestors came from the banks of the Oxus and the region south of it. History records that in the year 1400 they were driven by Tamerlane out of Asia, to the number of more than 2,000,000, for there were quite as many in Europe forty-two years after. They entered Europe by three great routes: one stream reaching Spain by way of Africa; a second sweeping into central Europe, along the northern shore of the Euxine; whilst the largest tide ebbed into the nations of the Danube by the way of Anatolia and Roumelia.

Gypsy bands seem to have first appeared in Moldavia in the year 1417. Within a few months after they were found scattered throughout Germany, and wandering north on the coasts of the Baltic. The next year they made their appearance in Switzerland, where, in 1442, there were not fewer than 14,000. In 1510, we find the Swiss Government making attempts to expel them, as Ferdinand of Spain had done in 1492, though unsuccessfully. At this same period we find them in France, where they were persecuted with fire and sword, the Government going so far, in 1612, as to decree their extermination. They also appear to have been in England some time in the fifteenth century. In the days of Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth they were the objects of fierce Parliamentary persecution in England, whilst in Scotland they were recognised as an independent people, and, in consequence of the protection they enjoyed, increased in number to upward of 100,000 souls.

Not, however, to follow their history in the various countries they came to inhabit, we will confine ourselves to a notice of that section of them who migrated into Moldavia and Wallachia, and who—whatever their numbers originally—are at present computed to amount to about 300,000, equally divided, or nearly so, between the Governments of the respective principalities and private individuals, and held, until the passing of the recent edict, as serfs or slaves. These are divided into two classes, namely, the Crown Gypsies, and those who are private property, and are employed as domestic and agricultural slaves. These two classes are further subdivided as follows:

The Crown Gypsies (Domnesk) may be subdivided into four classes:

1st. The *Ruduri* and *Aurari*. These have the exclusive right of washing the river sand for gold, which abounds in the Carpathian streams. In Transylvania, too, where the art of gold-washing is brought to greater perfection than in the Danubian principalities, the washers are chiefly gypsies. Their apparatus consists of a crooked board, four or five feet long, and between two and three feet broad, having a wooden rim on each side. Over this board is spread a woollen cloth, upon which the gold sand mixed with water is scattered, and to which the small grains of gold stick. The cloth is afterward washed in a vessel of water, when the metal sinks to the bottom. When larger particles of sand are found, the washers make deeper channels in the middle of the crooked board, and in these the small pieces are caught as they roll down. These gold-washing gypsies exercise great judgment in the selection of favourable locations, and pay a small tribute, which, however, does not go into the treasury, but is given to the wives of the Hospodars, as pin-money.

The second class of this section are called *Ursari*, or exhibitors of bears, and pay a tribute of a few piasters to the Government. They wander from village to village, with bears captured when young in the Carpathians, and which they teach to execute several grotesque movements called dances. To ensure themselves against accidents, these Ursari break the teeth and claws of the unfortunate animals, and nearly blind them by thrusting a red-hot iron into their eyes. They have also a peculiar mode of capturing them. They place a vessel containing honey and brandy where the bears repair to drink, and in such a position that they cannot but see it. The old and the young are unable to resist the temptation of the honey, a love of which, if not of the liquor, is their besetting weakness. In the course of a few minutes the alcohol begins to take effect; the bears commence capering and dancing until they fall powerless to the ground. The wary gypsies then bind them fast, and drag them home on their carts.

The third class are styled *Linguari*, or wooden-spoon makers, but they manufacture other articles, and also follow the calling of smiths. Of the four classes they are in the best condition, some of them having permanent dwellings.

The fourth class of Crown Gypsies are the *Laïessi*, or vagabonds, who, having neither fixed residence or occupation, live and wander in corroding idleness, labouring only occasionally as masons, smiths, comb-makers, &c. If they are the most wretched of the Crown slaves, they are the most independent. For a few piasters annual tribute, they are permitted to pasture their horses in the vicinity of the villages and highways. The majority live by theft, sleeping by day and plundering by night. The females wander about, interpreting dreams and omens, and telling fortunes. In most respects they resemble the gypsies known amongst ourselves.

With the exception of some of the *Linguari*, as already stated, none of the Crown Gypsies have fixed dwellings. In summer they encamp under tents; in winter they hibernate, like the Wallachian peasantry, in rude subterranean dwellings. Their government is quite democratic. They unite in groups of from ten to fifteen families, under the authority of one of the band, who is styled a *Jude*, or Judge, and who are in turn subordinate to a chief called their *Balbussa*, who is chosen in full assembly, in the open air, and who, as well as the subordinate judges, must be confirmed in his authority by the military governor of the Principality. The former stands between the gypsies and the hospodars. He apportions the tribute that is to be paid; acts as supreme judge in cases where an appeal is made to his authority; punishes the guilty, generally with his own hand, and occasionally informs the Government of the condition of his subjects, who stand in greater fear of him than of the Prince himself. It is indispensable that he should belong to a family from which a *Balbussa* has already been selected. He must be better clothed than his fellows, ripe in years, and of imposing stature and bearing. He usually rides on horseback, in order to be distinguished from the other gypsies, and has the right to wear a beard, a long red cloak, leather boots of a red or yellow colour, and also to carry a *knout* to punish delinquents.

The slaves, or gypsy-serfs, held as a private property, who constitute the second class, and in contradistinction to those held by the Government, belong either to religious establishments called cloisters, or to private individuals. They are subdivided into two classes, namely, the *Laïessi* and the *Vâtrassi*. The former roam about under their *Jude*, differing from the *Laïessi* of the Crown only in paying tribute to the cloisters and to private individuals instead of the Government. These cloisters, and similar religious institutions, are more numerous in Moldavia and Wallachia than in almost any part of the world, and possess more than one-third of the real estate in the Principalities. In the year 1848 a law was passed manumitting the slaves belonging to the cloisters, but it was disregarded.

The second class of this section, namely, the *Vâtrassi*, have fixed dwellings, and their position corresponds in essential particulars to that of the domestic and field slaves in the Southern States of the American Union. They are the property principally of the wealthy families, and, from being constantly brought into contact with their masters, have lost many of the distinct characteristics of the race; so much so, indeed, as to render it difficult to distinguish them from the Wallachian peasantry. Some of them live in villages, engaging in agriculture, or working as masons, smiths, tailors, shoemakers, &c., but the greater number do service in the city palaces of the Boyards.

How these were enslaved does not appear very clear. Probably their ancestors, as well as those of the other classes previously described, were reduced to the condition of slavery soon after their appearance in the Principalities, not as prisoners of war, nor as the debtors of the wealthy Boyards, but by the right of the strongest. Their condition was most pitiable, and the few efforts that were made to ameliorate it were unattended with success, or, at least, very trifling. In fact, although—as has been urged with respect to Turkish slavery—there are some points of difference between the condition of the slaves in the Danubian Principalities and that of the same class in America, it is characteristic of the system of slavery anywhere that its influence upon master and slave is essentially identical. Family ties are disregarded; virtue is outraged; marriage is dishonoured; and humanity is insulted and wronged. The ordinary mode of punishment for the slave used to be the bastinado. This is applied to the soles of the feet, the latter being elevated so that merely the head and the shoulders of the sufferer rest upon the ground. The lash, the spiked collar, and close confinement, were also commonly employed. The right and power of the master were absolute. In Bucharest it used to be no unusual thing to hear that this or that Boyard had murdered one or more of his slaves. Gypsy blood flows in the views of the highest Boyard families, as negro blood does in some of the "best families" of Virginia and other Southern States. The price of slaves varies, of course. Males may be purchased for less than £40 sterling; females are much more expensive, their value depending greatly on their youth and personal attractions. The education of the whole class was not even thought of, much less provided for, whilst so complete was the authority of the Boyards over their human chattels that the government officers were not allowed to make, in the census, a return of the number of slaves. Before the occupation of the Principalities, many thousands of the then Wallachian gypsy slaves were under the protection of the Austrian Consulate at Bucharest, which has been pretty constant and consistent in protecting these unfortunate persons from the cruelty and rapacity of their masters. We presume that this is the class which will be most benefited by the recent edict of emancipation; and it is certainly to the credit of their masters that the latter have unanimously refused to accept the indemnity which it was proposed should be awarded to them.—*(London) Anti-Slavery Reporter.*

THE VENOM OF SERPENTS.

BY J. GILMAN, M.D.

THERE is much in the history and habits of the reptile tribes, however repulsive they may be in appearance, that is very interesting. During a sojourn of two or three months in the interior of Arkansas, which appears to me to be the paradise of reptiles, I paid some attention to that branch of natural history called ophiology. I found four distinct varieties of rattlesnakes (*Crotalus*), of which the crotalus horridus and crotalus kirtlandii are most numerous. The former is the largest serpent in North America. The family of moccasin snakes (colluber) is also quite numerous, there being not less than ten varieties, most of which are quite as venomous as the rattlesnake.

By dissecting great numbers of different species I learned that the anatomical structure of the poisoning apparatus is similar in all the different varieties of venomous serpents. It consists of a strong framework of bone, with its appropriate muscles in the upper part of the head, resembling and being, in fact, a pair of jaws; but externally to the jaws proper, and much stronger. To these is attached, by a ginglymoid articulation, one or more moveable fangs on each side, just at the verge of the mouth, capable of being raised at pleasure. These fangs are very hard, and sharp, and crooked, like the claws of a cat, with a hollow from the base to near the point. I have occasionally seen a thin slit of bone divide this hollow, making two. At their base is found a small sac, containing two or three drops of venom which resembles thin honey. The sac is so connected with the cavity of the fang during its erection that a slight upward pressure forces the venom into the fang at its base, and it makes its exit at a small slit or opening near the point, with considerable force; thus it is carried to the bottom of any wound made by the fang. Unless the fangs are erected for battle, they lie concealed in the upper part of the mouth, sunk between the external and internal jaw bones, somewhat like a penknife blade shut up in its handle, where they are covered by a fold of membrane, which incloses them like a sheath; this is the *vagina dentis*. There can be no doubt but these fangs are frequently broken off or shed, as the head grows broader to make room for new ones nearer the verge of the mouth; for, within the vagina dentis of a very large crotalus horridus, I found no less than five fangs on each side, in all states of formation—the smallest in a half pulpy or cartilaginous state, the next something harder, the third still more perfect, and so on to the main, well-set, perfect fang. Each of these teeth had a well-defined cavity like the main one. Three fangs on each side were frequently found in copper-heads, vipers and others.

The process of robbing serpents of their venom is easily accomplished by the aid of chloroform, a few drops of which stupefies them. If, while they are under its influence, they are carefully seized by the neck, and the vagina dentis held out of the way by an assistant with a pair of forceps, and the fang be erected and gently pressed upward, the venom will be seen issuing from the fang and dropping from its point. It may then be absorbed by a bit of sponge, or caught in a vial, or on the point of a lancet. After robbing several serpents in this manner, they were found, after two days, to be as highly charged as ever with venom of equal intensity with that first taken.

During the process of robbing several species of serpents, I inoculated several small but vigorous and perfectly healthy vegetables with the point of a lancet well charged with venom. The next day they were withered and dead, looking as though they had been scathed with lightning. In attempting to preserve a few drops of venom, for future experiments, in a small vial with two or three parts of alcohol, it was found in a short time to have lost its venomous properties. But, after mixing the venom with aqua ammonia, or spirits of turpentine, or oil of peppermint, or of cinnamon, or of cloves, or with nitric or sulphuric acid, it still seemed to act with undiminished energy. It is best preserved, however, for future use, by trituration with refined sugar or sugar of milk.

A very fine, large cotton-mouth snake, being captured by putting a shoe-string around him, became excessively ferocious, striking at even the crack of a small riding-whip. Finding himself a prisoner without hope of escape, he turned his deadly weapon on his own body, striking repeatedly his well-charged fangs deeply into his flesh. Notwithstanding this, he was put into a small basket and carried forward. In one hour after, he was found dead, and no amount of irritation could excite the least indication of life. Four hours after, while removing the skin for preservation, the blood oozed slowly from the vessels in a dissolved state. No violence was done to his snake-ship, except what he did to himself.

Another moccasin, shot by a pistol about two inches back of the head, and skinned immediately, gave decided evidence of vitality four hours after being flayed, by wreathing the body whenever it was irritated by a scalpel.

A large rattlesnake, beheaded instantly with a hoe, would, an hour and a half after, strike at anything that pinched its tail. Of several persons who were testing their firmness of nerve, trying to hold the hand steady while the serpent struck at it, not one could be found whose hand would not recoil in spite of his resolution, and one man, a great bully, by-the-by, was struck on the naked throat with considerable violence by the headless trunk of the serpent, and staggered back, fainted and fell from terror. Mr. Stewart, of Mississippi, tells me he witnessed a similar scene once. An old hunter shot a rattlesnake's head off, and, after reloading his gun and standing some time, he stooped to pull off the rattles, and the bloody but headless trunk of the snake struck him in the temple, and he fainted and fell down with terror.

Seven venomous serpents, belonging to five different species, were made to fraternize and dwell amicably in one den. A beautiful pair of long-bodied, speckled snakes, known as king-snakes, and found to be fangless, and, consequently, without venom, were duly installed as members of the family. Some uneasiness was perceivable among the older members, but no attempt was made to destroy the intruders, though they might have been killed instanter. The next morning four of the venomous serpents were found to have been destroyed by the king-snakes, and one was still within their coil, and the two remaining ones would make no effort at self-defence. A large rattlesnake seemed stupid and indifferent to his fate. He could not be made to threaten or give warning even with his rattles. The smallest king-snake was afterward inoculated with the poison of one of the serpents he had destroyed, and died immediately afterward—thus evincing that they must have exercised some power besides physical force to overcome their fellow-creatures.

In short, the results of a great number of experiments, performed with the venom of a great variety of serpents, seem to lead to the following conclusions:

1. That the venom of all serpents acts as a poison in a similar manner.

2. That the venom of some varieties is far more active than that of others.

3. That a variety of the colluber, known as the cotton-mouth, is the most venomous serpent in Arkansas.

4. That the venom of serpents destroys all forms of organized life, vegetable as well as animal.

5. That alcohol, if brought in contact with the venom, is, to a certain extent, an antidote.

6. That serpents do possess the power of fascinating small animals, and that this power is identical with mesmerism.

7. That the blood of small animals destroyed by the venom of serpents bears a close resemblance to that of animals destroyed by lightning or hydrocyanic acid; it loses its power of coagulation, and cannot be long kept from putrefaction.—[*St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal.*

TOO FAST.

THE great mechanical impulses of the age, of which most of us are so proud, are a mere passing fever, half speculative, half childish. People will discover at last that royal roads to anything can no more be laid in iron than they can in dust; that there are, in fact, no royal roads to anywhere worth going to; that if there were, it would that instant cease to be worth going to—I mean, so far as the things to be obtained are in any way estimable in terms of *price*. For there are two classes of precious things in the world: those that God gives us for nothing—sun, air and life (both mortal life and immortal); and the secondarily precious things which he gives us for a price; these secondarily precious things, worldly wine and milk, can only be bought for definite money; they never can be cheapened. No cheating or bargaining will ever get a single thing out of nature's "establishment" at half-price. Do we want to be strong?—we must work. To be hungry?—we must starve. To be happy?—we must be kind. To be wise?—we must look and think. No changing of place at a hundred miles an hour, nor making of stuffs a thousand yards a minute, will make us one whit stronger or happier, or wiser. There was always more in the world than men could see, walked they ever so slowly, they will see it no better by going fast. And they will at last, and soon too, find out that their grand inventions for conquering (as they think) space and time do, in reality, conquer nothing, for space and time are in their own essence unconquerable, and besides did not want any conquering, they wanted *using*. A fool always wants to shorten space and time, a wise man wants to lengthen both. A fool wants to kill space and kill time, a wise man first to gain them and then to animate them. Your railroad, when you come to understand it, is only a device for making the world smaller, and as for being able to talk from place to place, that is indeed well and convenient; but suppose you have originally nothing to say. We shall be obliged at last to confess what we should long ago have known, that the really precious things are thought and sight, not space. It does a bullet no good to go fast, and a man, if he be truly a man, no harm to go slow, for his glory is not at all in going, but in being. "Well; but railroads and telegraphs are so useful for communicating knowledge to savage nations." Yes, if you have any to give them. If you know nothing *but* railroads and can communicate nothing but aqueous vapour and gunpowder—what then? But if you have any other thing than those to give, then the railroad is of use only because that other thing, and the question is, what the other thing may be. Is it religion? I believe that if we had really wanted to communicate that, we could have done it in less than 1,800 years without steam. Most of the good religious communication that I remember has been done on foot, and it cannot be easily done faster than at foot-pace. Is it science? But what science—of motion, meat and medicine? Well; when you have moved your savage, and dressed your savage, fed him with white bread, and shown him how to set a limb—what next? Follow out that question. Suppose every object overcome; give your savage every advantage of civilization to the full; suppose that you have put the Red Indian in tight shoes; taught the Chinese how to make Wedgwood's ware and to paint it with colours that will rub off, and persuaded all Hindoo women that it is more pious to torment their husbands into graves than to burn themselves at their burial—what next? Gradually thinking on from point to point, we shall come to perceive that all true happiness and nobleness are near us, and yet neglected by us, and that till we have learned how to be happy and noble we have not much to tell even to Red Indians. The delights of horse-racing and hunting, of assemblies in the night instead of the day, of costly wearisome music, of costly and burdensome dress, of chagrined contention for place or power, or wealth, or the eyes of the multitude, and all the endless occupation without purpose, and idleness without rest, of our vulgar world, are not, it seems to me, enjoyments we need be ambitious to communicate. And all real and wholesome enjoyments possible to man have been just as possible to him since first he was made of earth as they are now, and they are possible to him chiefly in peace. To watch the corn grow and the blossom set, to draw hard breath over ploughshare or spade, to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things to make man happy; they have always had the power of doing these; they never *will* have power to do more. The world's prosperity or adversity depends upon our knowing and teaching these few things, but upon iron or glass, or electricity, or steam, in nowise.—*John Ruskin.*

MEMORIAL OF THE LATE J. B. ESTLIN, ESQ.

BRISTOL PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTION.

THERE has been recently placed in the vestibule of this institution a marble bust of the above lamented and revered gentleman, executed by Baily. The idea originated with one who had long known and loved Mr. Estlin; it was warmly and promptly responded to by a few other friends of the deceased, a sum of about £150 was quickly raised, the commission given, and the result of the labours of the eminent sculptor before referred to now graces the institution, of which Mr. Estlin was one of the earliest and most eminent members. The likeness is good; and when we state that the bust was executed from a cast after death, aided only by a photographic portrait, it will be admitted, we think, that the artist has wonderfully overcome the difficulties he had thus to encounter, and has produced a strikingly faithful and life-like representation of the original. The broad and lofty brow, the cheeks attenuated by long labour and study on behalf of his fellow-men, the smile which plays around the mouth, tempered by the firmness visible in the lower portions of the countenance, all indicate the lofty intellect, the sweet temper, the energy and judgment which characterized the living man. We subjoin the following grateful letter which accompanied the presentation of the bust, together with the appropriate reply.

To the Committee of the Bristol Institution.

GENTLEMEN: Some friends of the late Mr. Estlin, desirous of giving a permanent expression to the feeling with which they cherish his memory, commissioned Mr. Baily to execute a bust of their revered friend, with the intention of depositing it in some public building where it might from time to time refresh his image in the minds of those who knew him personally, present to those who knew him only by his reputation a true idea of the features on which were so strongly impressed the characteristics of his heart and mind, and hand down to other times a memorial of the sentiments which were entertained by his contemporaries towards one of the wisest, purest, and most active philanthropists whom Bristol has had the privilege of numbering among her children.

It has been decided that no place would be so fitting a depository of the bust of Mr. Estlin as the Hall or Museum of the Literary and Philosophical Institution of Bristol, not only because of the eminent services which he rendered to the Institution, and because, as a man of science, he was worthy of commemoration in such a place, but also because many of those who were most attached to him were accustomed to meet him more frequently within the walls of that building than in any other place of public resort.

An additional motive for the selection of the Bristol Institution may be found in the fact that the bust now completed is an admirable work of art, worthy of the genius and skill of the sculptor, whose renown has already shed lustre on the city of his birth.

The committee are therefore requested to receive this bust of John Bishop Estlin, and to give it an honourable place among the possessions which most adorn and dignify their Institution.

(Signed on behalf of the Subscribers to the Memorial.)

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

February 29, 1856.

Resolved, "That the Committee of the Bristol Institution, heartily responding to the sentiments above expressed, have great pleasure and satisfaction in becoming the depositories of this interesting Memorial of a Member of the Institution so highly esteemed and revered, and they gratefully accept the trust which the subscribers to the Memorial have reposed in them."—*(London) Inquirer.*

SCRAP OF HISTORY.—During the revolutionary war, General Lafayette, being in Baltimore, was invited to a ball. He went, as requested, but instead of joining the amusement, as might be expected of a young Frenchman of twenty-two, he addressed the ladies thus: "Ladies, you are very handsome; you dance very prettily; your ball is very fine—*but my soldiers have no shirts.*" The appeal was irresistible. The ball ceased; the ladies went home and went to work, and the next day a large number of shirts were prepared by the fairest hands of Baltimore, for the gallant defenders of their country.

BRIEF HISTORY OF COTTON.—The method of spinning cotton formerly was by the hand; but about 1767, Mr. Hargreaves, of Lancashire, invented the spinning-jenny with eight spindles; he also erected the first carding machine with cylinders. Sir Richard Arkwright obtained a patent for a new invention of machinery in 1769; and another patent for an engine in 1775. Crompton invented the mule, a further and wonderful improvement in the manufactury of cotton, in 1779, and various other improvements have been since made. The names of Peel and Arkwright are eminently conspicuous in connection with this vast source of British industry; and it is calculated that more than one thousand millions, sterling, have been yielded by it to Great Britain. Cotton manufacturers' utensils were prohibited from being exported in 1774.—*Haydn.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.—This lady, we are informed by the German papers, notwithstanding her advanced years, has not yet lost her love of travel and adventure. She intends to pay a visit to the island of Madagascar, and will set out on that interesting trip in the course of the next Summer.

——The Brussels *Independance* asserts that Prince Frederick William, son of the heir to the crown of Prussia (now at Coblentz), has "solemnly demanded of the King, his uncle, the consent indispensable to the projected alliance with the Princess Royal of England. This consent was granted in the presence of the whole court, and no doubt whatever exists as to the analogous disposition of the Queen of England."

——A singular misprint occurs in the book entitled "Men of the Time." Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, the present Bishop of Oxford, is thus spoken of: "A more kind-hearted and truly benevolent man does not exist. *A sceptic as it regards religious revelation, he is, nevertheless, an out-and-out believer in spirit movements.*" In "lifting," as the printers call it, a bit of Robert Owen got tacked on to Samuel Wilberforce, and the bishop became at once an infidel and a spirit-rapper.

——The following version of an old French epigram, by Imbert, a wit of the last century, is recalled to recollection by the birth of the Imperial Prince:

"When the news ran through Paris, 'Her Majesty's well!'
And all were delighted the tidings to tell,
To the proud Palace-guard tripped a dame full of joy,
And curtsied, and cried, 'Oh! Sir, is it a boy?'
'No!'—'A girl?' 'No!' he growled, with a frown her wince;
'Neither boy, Sir, nor girl! then, what is it?' 'A Prince!'"

——ORIGIN OF SANDWICHES.—Lord Sandwich, when Minister of State, having passed twenty-four hours at a public gaming-table, was so absorbed in play during the whole time, that he had no subsistence but a bit of beef between two slices of bread, which he ate without ever quitting the game. This new dish was ever afterwards, and is to this day, called by the name of the minister who invented it.

——THE VIRGIN OF SORROW.—The Queen of Spain, touched by a sense of the cold weather, has recently given a new cloak, ornamented with garnets to the value of 200,000 reals, to "a statue of the Virgin of Sorrows." *Punch* says that there are many sorrowful virgins in England, children and orphans of Spanish bondholders, who would feel obliged to Her Majesty for a similar amount of reals to be bestowed upon sorrows, not in stone, but in flesh and blood.

——FRENCH LOVE OF SCANDAL.—A French provincial paper contains the following paragraph:

"A trial tool place at our Assizes. It promised rich food for scandal. All the ladies of the town bedecked themselves in their smartest toilets, and crowded to the Court-house. On seeing this, the presiding judge rose and said: 'Persons here assembled as spectators are not aware of the nature of the case. I therefore invite all decent women to withdraw.' A pause took place without a single female moving to retire from her seat. Seeing this, the judge rose again and said: 'Officers of the court, now all the decent women have retired, turn out the remainder.'"

——It is said that the Turks, who, it is known, call the English *Jonny*, and consider the use of the word interrogatively, "Jonny?" as equivalent to "Are you an Englishman?" style the French by the droll name of *Didon*, because it is the custom of the French soldiers, as it is of the lower classes in France generally, to constantly crying after one another, "Eh! dis donc!" and when *bono Turco* wants to be particularly polite to a gallic ally, he calls him gravely "M. Didon." The French soldiers, on the other hand, it appears, call the Turks *Banabas*, because they say constantly to each other *Banaba*, which signifies, "Look at me!" or "Pay attention."

——A London correspondent of the Manchester *Advertiser* states that Carlyle will publish at Christmas his life of Frederick the Great in four volumes. He adds the following gossip about Dickens:

"There is some gossip afloat, too, about a new work by Charles Dickens, who, as you will have seen, has returned from Paris, and has been more than usually active of late at literary and dramatic public meetings. The origin of the talked-of work is an attack made upon the eminent novelist by Count Montalembert, the celebrated French writer and politician, who, in a recent publication, with more zeal than knowledge, accused Mr. Dickens of having excited the poor against the rich in his social fictions; in fact, of being an English Eugene Sue. Dickens, it is said, intends to publish a reply to the Count, which will appear simultaneously in French and English, in London and Paris."

——AN ARISTOCRATIC CONFESSION.—The Duchess (of Gordon) told the following anecdote to Lord Stowell, who told it to Lord Dunmore, who told it to me: "The son of Lord Cornwallis (Lord Brome) fell in love with my daughter Louisa; and she liked him much. They were to be married; but the intended match was broken off by Lord C., whose only objection to it sprang from his belief that there was madness in my husband's family. Upon this I contrived to have a *tête-à tête* with Lord C., and said to him, "I know your reason for disapproving of your son's marriage with my daughter: now I will tell you one thing plainly—there is not a drop of the Gordon blood in Louisa's body." With this statement Lord C. was quite satisfied, and the marriage took place. The duchess prided herself greatly on the success of this manœuvre, though it had forced her to slander her own character so cruelly and so unjustly. In fact, manœuvring was her delight.—*Rogers's Table-Talk.*

——FADING AWAY.—Do I really exist? My body is so shrunken that I am hardly anything but a voice; and my bed reminds me of the singing grave of the magician Merlin, which lies in the forest of Brozeland, in Brittany, under tall oaks whose tops soar like green flames towards heaven. Alas! I envy thee those trees and the fresh breeze that moves their branches, Brother Merlin, for no green leaf rustles about my mattress grave in Paris, where early and late I hear nothing but the rolling of vehicles, hammering, quarrelling and piano-strumming. A grave without repose, death without the privileges of the dead, who have no debts to pay, and need write neither letters nor books—that is a piteous condition. Long ago the measure has been taken for my coffin and for my necrology, but I die so slowly that the process is tedious for me as well as my friends. But patience; everything has an end. You will one day find the booth closed where